

ROLL CALL

THE VOICE of THE



VETERAN

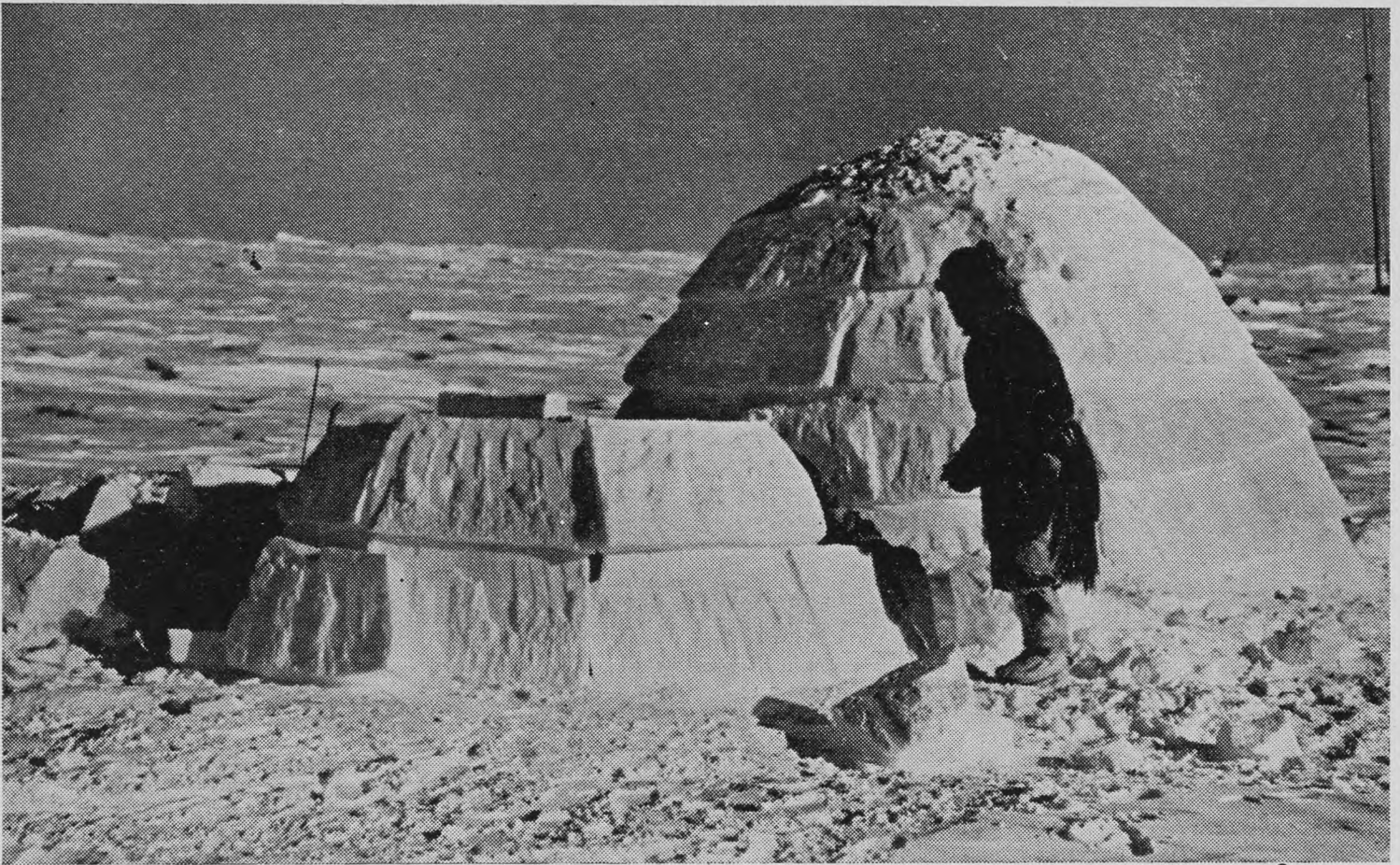


SEPTEMBER

10¢

Vol. 1

No. 2



BRRRR!—Live alone and like it? The picture shows a member of Muskox standing outside a radio station, Eskimo style. You can have it brother.

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ROLL CALL

"The Voice of the Veteran"

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An Independent, Non-Political
Magazine

A Magazine for the Veteran
Published by Veterans
Published for Veterans

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Advertising Rates on request.

Not connected with any other Veterans Magazine published in the Dominion.

Contributions, letters to our new column "Beefs and Gripes," news stories, etc., welcome. We are interested in printing anything and everything that will make this Veterans magazine the kind you want. We reserve the right to edit any and all copy submitted to this publication. It is our intention to give you the up to the minute news and views of all veterans—Great War One and Great War Two. Remember, it's your magazine. Let's make it a success.



Vol. 1

No. 2

LEST WE SLEEP

"Wake-up, England, wake-up."

This sign blazoned in electric lights swung above the yacht owned by Lady Houston and was a familiar sight along the English coast years before Hitler started his conquest of Europe. At the same time, Reginald Joseph Mitchell, brilliant young plane designer, was working day and night to design the fastest plane in the world for his beloved country.

In parliament and throughout the country, Winston Churchill raised his voice in warning . . . a warning which fell on dull ears. The trusting Britisher, desiring nothing but peace himself, could not imagine any country threatening the tranquility of the world.

Today the war-weary world and our own particular little part of it, is in danger of forgetting too quickly the threat to peace.

There is no one who desires peace any more than the veteran who fought and bled for it. The beautiful

(Continued on Page 5)

Editorials

SEEN THROUGH TEARS

FROM Hiroshima, most badly destroyed city in the world, comes an eye witness account of the misery and suffering caused by the shock of the first atomic bomb. To those of us who were miles away from the scene of destruction the gigantic force of the bomb is beyond our ken. Imagination does not permit us to even grasp the destructive power . . . words are inadequate, power of description far too weak to give us even a dim picture of the devastation left in the wake of this man-controlled monster. Thousands of lives were taken by this one bomb. Thousands of bodies mangled, maimed, burned and crippled by its power. Thousands of innocent women and children were made homeless, adding to their agony. Yet, hateful as this all is to civilized people, we found that the bomb was a necessary evil and the innocent so often needs must suffer with the guilty. Justifying our use of the bomb is the fact that millions of lives of our countrymen and of our allies were spared; the expense and life of the most horrible conflict of all time was shortened.

The aim of world leaders today should be the harnessing and control of this destructive monster and its conversion into a power for good.

The following excerpts from an article appearing in the August issue of the Missionary Monthly will give the reader some idea of the misery and horror caused by the bomb which wiped out Hiroshima, a city of approximately 70,000. In this article, Principal Matsumoto, head of a Christian Girls' School, describes his own experiences and emotions at the time, to a correspondent, Richard T. Baker, who said, "I saw Hiroshima through tears."

"At eight o'clock on the morning of August 6th, 1945, the Principal worshipped with the older girls at their regular morning chapel service in the auditorium. At 8.17 he seated himself at his office desk. Suddenly, without warning, the brightness of the day was cut by an awesome, eye-searing blue flash. The rush of a mighty wind followed, and the awful groan of a great city falling in death.

Billows of dust obscured the sun, and black night fell on Hiroshima.

"I found myself under a pile of rubble which had once been my office," explained Mr. Matsumoto. "It was like the end of the world. I felt a strange calmness, as if God were very close."

After half an hour's struggle he wrenched himself free, and, bruised and bleeding, crawled to the surface and looked around him. Everything was reduced to dust, an open field lay where streets and houses had so lately stood. Unrecognizable burned and bleeding people wandered aimlessly around. Fire was already burning.

"I thought immediately of my wife and daughter," continued Mr. Matsumoto, "and started for our home, hardly expecting to find them alive. They were wounded, but able to walk. I left them in a near-by park with a crowd of miserable survivors. The chapel, when I returned to it, was a ghastly wreck from which came the cries of the trapped. The hymn we had so lately sung turned to screams, and the screams to groans. A few of us pushed and pulled and sweated, but the fires were creeping close. Fifty college girls were burned to death under the wreckage of the chapel where they had gone to pray."

Later Mr. Matsumoto was to learn that the three hundred younger girls who were out on the streets that morning had been fully exposed to the searing atomic ray, and only fifty had survived that awful moment. Personal sorrow came to him, too, for Mrs. Matsumoto, while resting in the park, had been caught up in one of those strange swirls of sparks and flame which often accompany a raging conflagration, and had fallen into the river. She died instantly of heart failure. He himself, like so many others, suffered severely from the after-effects of the atomic bomb, by the drastic reduction of white corpuscles. This has, to a certain extent cleared up, but his health is still seriously impaired. In spite of his weakened condition, however, he was faithful to his duties as a school principal and Christian minister.

(Continued on Page 2)

HOW

Will Saskatchewan's New
Hospital Services Plan Af-
fect the

VETERAN?

Everyone in the Province must be registered under the Plan.

However, if you are a veteran receiving benefits under the Department of Veterans' Affairs, you will register for the Saskatchewan Plan, but no fee will be charged.

Once you are no longer covered by D.V.A. the Saskatchewan fee will be payable and you will receive benefits under the new Plan.

The payment of the annual fee of \$5.00 entitles you to the following benefits without further cost:

WHAT ARE THE BENEFITS?

- Public ward accommodation if, in the opinion of your doctor, you require hospital care.
- All meals and special diets you require while in hospital.
- All necessary drugs and medicines.
- Ward nursing care.
- If you have an operation, you will receive use of the operating room and all surgical dressings.
- Laboratory, X-ray, and physiotherapy services if necessary.
- Hospital maternity care will be provided to anyone requiring the service. All newborn babies will receive free hospital care from their birth until January 1st of the following year. No fee is payable.

The New Plan goes into effect on January 1st, 1947.



HEALTH SERVICES
PLANNING COMMISSION



GOVERNMENT OF
SASKATCHEWAN

Seen Through Tears

(Continued from Page 1)

"I called a meeting of the school a few days after the bomb fell," he said. "A scattering of students was there. What a pitiful sight! Then the thought of those who were not with us engulfed me. My voice choked. I could not speak. The meeting broke up in tears.

"For weeks I walked through the city, day after day, seeking out the students. It was truly heart-rending to see their swollen, blackened bodies. Every one of those girls bore her pain bravely and listened to the words of comfort I managed to say. To the very moment of their death some sang the hymns they loved and whispered prayer. The doctors told me those girls were lights among their fellow patients. How proud and grateful I was for them. That moment alone—the moment of death—was all the justification I shall ever need for our Christian school in Hiroshima.

"You know," said the Principal, as he closed his story, "I think Hiroshima Girls' School is a first priority on the educational re-building programme in Japan. Hiroshima was a metropolis of militarism. I want to make it a metropolis of Christian democracy. With help, perhaps half a million dollars, my school is ready to lead." He paused and went on,

DEER LODGE, ST. JAMES, MAN.

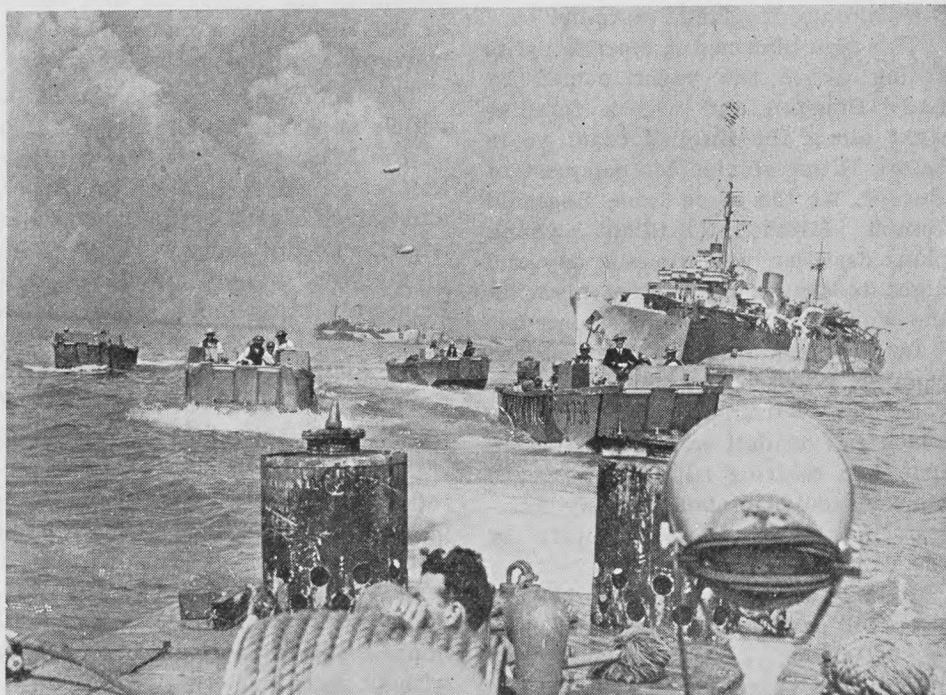
A quick trip to Deer Lodge Hospital disclosed that there were several Saskatchewan veterans receiving treatment there.

The editor visited with as many as time permitted and reports that he found the following men registered.

Cpl. G. Smith, Woodrow, Sask.; J. Russell, Cadillac, Sask.; L. R. Jones, Balcarres, Sask.; L. Loster, 324-4th Avenue, Yorkton, Sask.; W. F. Faustmann, Melville, Sask.; T. Glaicar, Waldron, Sask.; H. Hannan, Prince Albert, Sask.; E. J. Hawkins, Plunkett, Sask.; Cpl. Bashnick, L. R., Melville, Sask.; M. Thomas, 2050 Ottawa Street, Regina; L. R. Booker, Estevan, Sask.; R. A. Boyle, Prince Albert, Sask.; G. Busch, Calder, Sask.; W. G. Butler, Melfort, Sask.

"Hiroshima was the most severely damaged city in Japan. Ours was the most severely damaged school. The atomic bomb did it. If the American people could help rebuild this school, it would prove that the atomic bomb was not their last message to Hiroshima."

Surely with facts such as these at hand, we as veterans must ever keep a watchful eye to see that the hands of the powers that be are guided in such a manner that atomic energy shall be used to the common good of all humanity.



PRELUDE TO INVASION: A fleet of LCA are pictured leaving the mothership, "Prince Henry," during the manoeuvres at Cowes, off the Isle of Wight. Canadian sailors learn to manoeuvre the tiny craft until the fleet is controlled like a human body.

THE STING OF DEATH

By B. S. GUNN

This is the story of a man who had taken his place among men, who had accepted and discharged his duties as men do, had lived, loved and laughed with his fellows, but who died a hundred deaths before a 5.9 brought stillness to his wracked body and, it is hoped, peace to his tortured soul. Had he been a lead-swinging he might still be alive. As it was, neurology in Great War I had not seen fit to emancipate the non-professional.

As the trumpeted notes of the noon feed call died across the horse

lines of the depot squadron, I noticed a new figure among the dozens that hurried to their respective tents. Not that new figures were uncommon, for raw recruits were coming in regularly, but raw recruits did not wear their uniforms with such easy grace nor did they swing their feet with the confident stride of a man who had long worn cavalry spurs. This was no green-horn and I indulged a fleeting regret that he had not been posted to 3rd troop.

His name, he said, was Bill, but

that he was more accustomed to "Brink"; that he was English and had served several years with the R.N.W.M.P., but now, having finished a regular term, was all for having a go at the Hun and hoped to do it with a horse between his knees. Physically he was a good specimen and his bronzed countenance was a natural setting for the most striking feature of a good-looking face; crystal gray eyes, framed in heavy black lashes, that looked at you with a peculiarly unruffled directness and yet with an inexplicable hint of a question. Both manner and speech were reserved and courteous and he made no further reference, at any time, to England, his home and friends, or to his past life. As a companion he was well informed and agreeable with a neat sense of humor and a quiet confidence that matched his graying hair. But I learned to

(Continued on Page 32)



NOT FOOLING: This is the real McCoy. The picture was snapped during the invasion of Normandy, June 1944. Soldiers waded in water up to their waists in the grim battle which for the enemy was the beginning of the end. (Pictures courtesy of Vern Barre, 2135 Albert Street, Regina.)

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REGINA

SWIFT CURRENT

NO HOLDS BARRED

The Irishman from the south and the one from the north could only agree on one thing. That was that Ireland as a whole was a great country. They argued on the merits of their particular part. The argument waxed up to a point when it looked as if the two would come to blows. This situation was saved by the good natured steward who leaned across the counter and said:

"You Irishmen must be glad that the war is over so that you can get down to some serious fighting."

NOW WE KNOW

A writer said that a man likes to marry a girl who knows less than he does. This probably explains why there are so many bachelors in the country.

FOR IDEAL Recreation

The Bolodrome

REGINA, SASK.

Gordon Grant, Mgr.

BARRACK ROOM ECHOES

"I can't go to the masquerade with Joe."

"Why not?"

"I'm going in my Hawaiian costume and he's going as a harvest hand."

"Please announce Mr. and Mrs. Dolar and daughter."

New Butler (in loud voice)—
"Three Bucks."

Jack—"Let's give the bride a shower."

John—"Count me in—I'll bring the soap."

Guest (discovering a pair of silk hose in the hotel drawer)—"Here, boy."

Bell Boy—"Yes, sir."

Guest—"Take these out and get them filled."

SHADOW OF A DOUBT

When Rastus had been married ten years, the local doctor had delivered nine babies for his wife. When another year had passed, the doctor arrived for the usual purpose, and indignantly told Rastus that he should go out and hang himself. Rastus replied: "Doctah, Ah thought so, too, and Ah went out to da barn, Ah threw de rope ober de rafter an' tied it to mah neck, an' Ah got thinkin' and Ah say to myself, 'Rastus, y' nevah know, y' may be hangin' an innocent man.'"

Customer—"Give me a shave and a massage."

Barber—"All right, and by the way, I understand you've been going out with my wife."

Customer—"Just make it a massage."

He—"I'd certainly give anything to know why God made you women so beautiful and yet so dumb."

She—"That's simple. Beautiful, so you men would love us, and dumb so we could love you."

FAIR ENOUGH

Wild Bill Rogers, of baseball and Canadian Legion fame, likes this one. So do we.

"We was sitting in the barber chair when this farmer guy comes in. He's just been on a fishing trip and was full of enthusiasm."

"Why man alive the fish was mighty plentiful. I caught a pickerel that weighed nigh unto 12 pounds. Just off Pelican Point."

"That's right," Rogers agreed. "A fellow can catch almost anything there. I remember fishing off that exact spot one day. I felt something heavy on my hook. I pulled it up and what do you think that I found? Well, sir, it was a lantern. It had been down on the bottom for 15 years. I proved that by Wes McCubbin of McCubbin's Hardware. He sold it to a man 15 years before and the man dropped it in that same year. Funny part about it, though . . . it was still lit."

This was too much for the farmer who had listened open-mouthed up until that point. "Gosh, mister . . . ain't you stretchin' it a bit? Fifteen years under the water and still lit?"

To which Rogers replied, "Well, you take eight pounds off that fish and I'll blow out the lantern."

JOB SURVEY FOR VETS

Veterans interested in employment opportunities in the near future may obtain same by writing to Rehabilitation Division, Department of Reconstruction, Normal School, Regina, Sask., according to H. E. Jenkins, superintendent of Job Survey.

Mr. Jenkins states that the next survey will commence this month. The purpose of the survey is to acquaint veterans with all available employment.

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Lest We Sleep

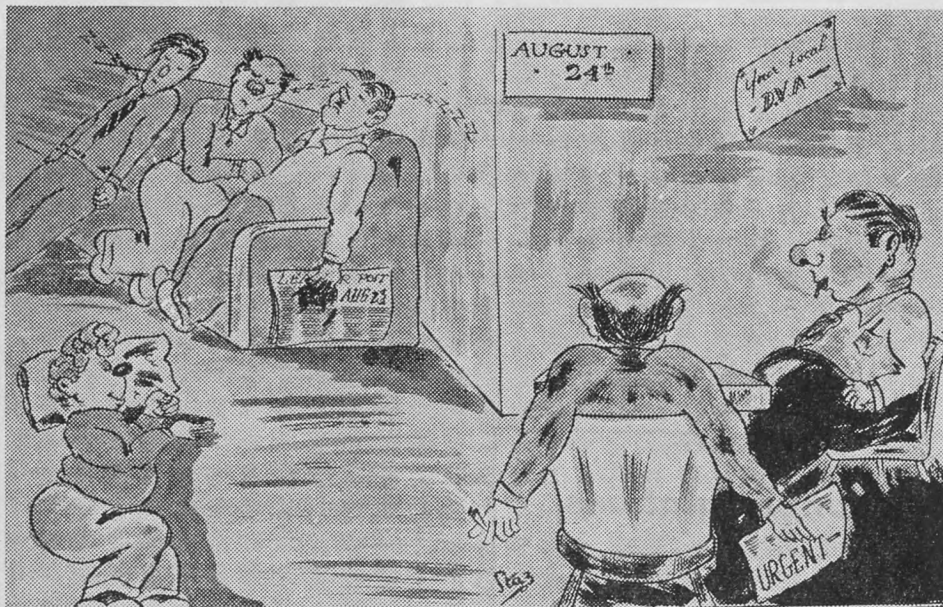
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quiet of nights undisturbed by whining mortar fire and screaming bombs is far too great a privilege to give up easily. Memory is far too fresh. The hideous life of yesterday is behind but not too far behind. He does not want to go back to those days. He was in combat, he is not looking for a fight . . . YET LEST WE FORGET . . . at what great a price this grand peace was paid for—let us not get caught again minus our trousers.

In a day and age in which an entire city can be wiped out by the pressure of a button miles away, the country which is caught napping is the country which cannot survive. Let us be always prepared, always on guard. Let us never look for a fight but let us be ever ready to defend that which we hold most dear . . . FREEDOM.

THINK IT OVER, SWIMMERS

Johnny Weismuller, one of the world's greatest swimmers, refuses to swim in deep water.



D.V.A. seems to be an obsession with our cartoonist. Here he is doing it again. And as usual the laugh is on D.V.A. But the boys over there can take a laugh with the best of them. We poke fun but we still think D.V.A. is doing a darned fine job.

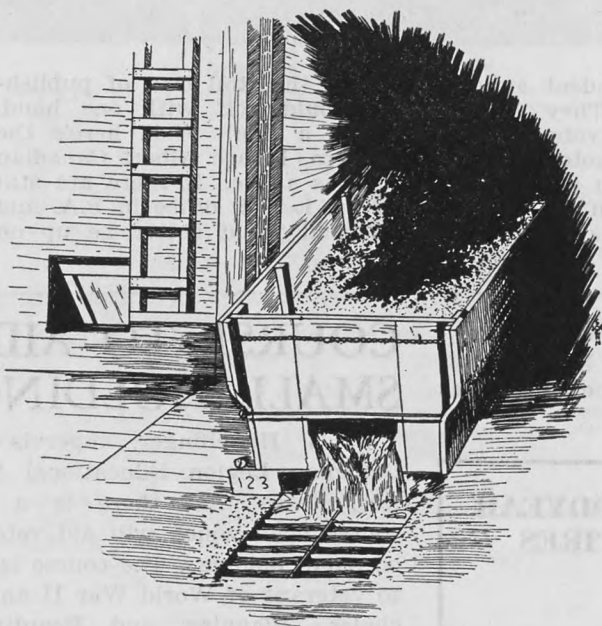
GENTLE REMINDER

"The earth shook," said White, describing his experiences in an earthquake. "Cups and saucers flew all over the place."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Jones.

"That reminds me. I forgot to mail my wife's letter."

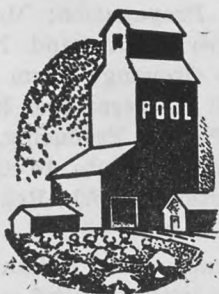
Those who saved their money for a rainy day are getting soaked these days.



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HEAD OFFICE

REGINA

WAS IT FRIDAY?

Police arrested a woman who jumped into the Chicago river when she couldn't find meat to feed her husband. "Cops shouldn't be too hasty. Maybe she was trying to get him a fish," said the Ottawa Citizen.

THE FOOLISH WHITE RACE

A writer said that when the U.S. was discovered the Indians were running things with no debts, no taxes, no strikes, no coupons and the women were doing all the work.

Congratulations

To the
Publishers
and Staff
of

ROLL CALL

"The Voice of the Veteran"



The 113th Battery Association

F. A. ROBERTSON,
President



Some correspondent actually accused the Roll Call of publishing an untruth. They said no guy could golf with one hand. Imagine, accusing veterans of stringing a line! Well, here's the proof. We got a photo of Jimmy Hepburn, Prince Albert Canadian Legion secretary, in action and it appears above. If there are still doubters, all we can say is drop into the Legion office in P.A. and ask Jimmy to go a round with you—and you'd better be up on your golf.

HEART BALM

A wife is suing for \$100,000 alimony. Nothing like green bandages to heal heart wounds.

COURSE TO AID SMALL HOLDINGS

G. G. Heffelfinger, supervisor of Canadian Legion Educational Services, states that there is a new course open which will aid veterans on small holdings. The course is free to veterans of World War II and includes. Planning and Beautifying Home Grounds; The Home Vegetable Garden; Plant Propagation; Market Gardening; Tree Fruits and Nuts; Seed and Bulb Growing; Farm Animals for Small Holders; Bee Keeping; and Egg Poultry Producing. For further information write to G. G. Heffelfinger, Veteran Block, Regina.

Juke-box Jennie sez—"Indian girl have plenty fun with beau and error."

B.A.
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Attracts Attention

It smacks you right in the face. A passing motorist when he sees the sign stops his car and goes in to investigate whether he is hungry or not.

Bertram C. Ferris, late of the South Saskatchewan Regiment, and for years a prisoner of war in Germany, has chosen a name for his cafe which attracts the immediate attention of all passers by.

On the main road through Kennedy, Saskatchewan, is located a little cafe which Mr. Ferris has named Dieppe. As a general rule curiosity overcomes the traveler and he goes in to inquire how such a name was chosen. Inside they find a small lunch bar, seating about 20 people. It is bright and clean. Hanging, where they immediately catch the eye, are a pair of shackles. Ferris once wore them in a German camp and upon

(Continued on Page 11)



DOMINION GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES

Check This One Example PLAN—20-YEAR GUARANTEE Male—Present Age, 25 Annuity to Begin at 60

WHAT IS IT—A means of setting up a voluntary retirement pension at the lowest possible cost and guaranteed by the Dominion Government.

WHAT YOU DO—Make an annual payment of \$236.88 (or \$19.74 monthly) for 35 years; these payments accumulate at 4% compound interest.

WHAT YOU GET—Starting at age 60, an income of \$1,200.00 a year, paid in monthly or quarterly instalments AS LONG AS YOU LIVE and wherever you may be.

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A lump sum of.....	\$10,077.55
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At 59 years, 11 months.....	\$17,763.32

IF YOU MISS ANY PAYMENTS—Your contract will remain in good standing. You may pay up arrears at any time but if this is not possible the annuity will be adjusted according to the payments made.

IF THE ANNUITY IS REQUIRED EARLIER—It may be converted into an Immediate Annuity on any anniversary date.

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You get back at least.....	\$24,000.00
You have paid a total of.....	8,290.80

Excess.....\$15,709.20

\$24,000 is the minimum return. The maximum depends on how long you live. The longer you live the greater will be your return.

You would require at 60 a capital sum of \$30,000.00 invested at 4% to equal this income.

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against dependency in your declining years than a DOMINION GOVERNMENT ANNUITY. You can make a profitable investment of your savings and help your country TOO.

There is no FORFEITURE in case premiums are interrupted or cease altogether. All contributions, plus 4% compound interest, are returned to heirs in event of death before the annuity begins.

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No one living in Canada, five years old or over, is excluded.

Ample provisions are afforded for the benefit of the entire family or for adjustment of estates. After you are gone—no disputes—no litigation. Funds invested in these Annuities involve no curtailment of the essentials of good sane living; and this form of investment has an appeal to all classes, particularly to those with uncertain incomes. There is a place for you in this great Government Annuity Plan of self-protection.

ENJOY THE FRUITS OF YOUR SAVINGS WHILE LIVING You will feel important the rest of your life when you buy DOMINION GOVERNMENT ANNUITY

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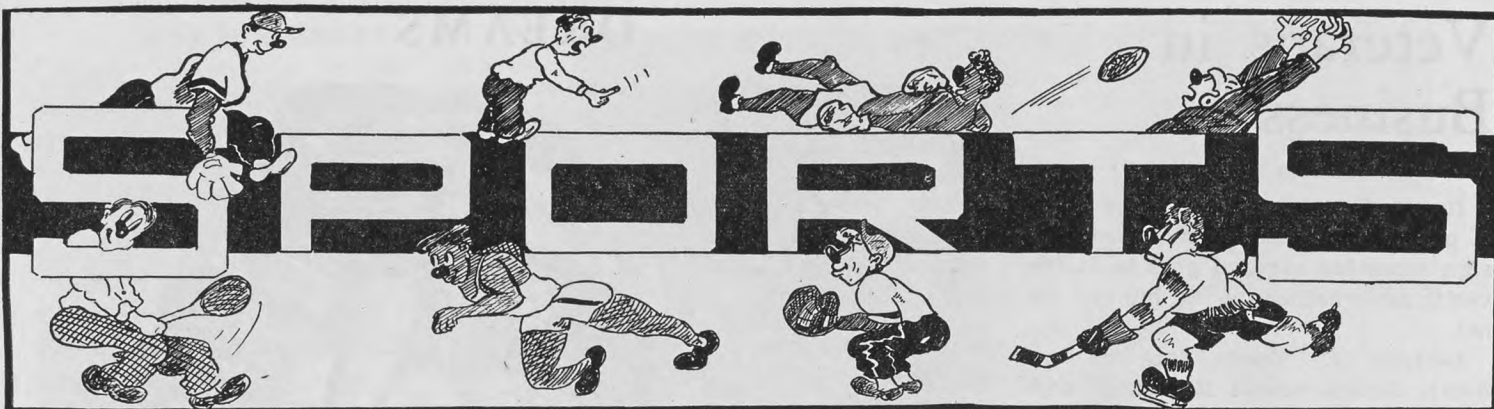
ASK FOR LITERATURE, STATING AGE

A. E. MILTON

District Annuities Representative

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Here it is fall again, although from the weather at the rugby game last Saturday one would think it were mid-July, and thoughts turn to winter sports again.

But before branching out into the season's prospects on these activities,

By 1914 RED PATCH

it is fitting to take a slight peek at the past summer's and present fall's doings.

Probably the thing most in everybody's minds now is the rugby situation, in which it is not too encouraging to see our Saskatchewan Roughriders on the bottom of the heap and a long hard row to hoe to get into the playoffs. The present situation of Calgary on top with three wins, Winnipeg next with two wins and a loss, and Saskatchewan last with three losses means that Saskatchewan will have to beat Calgary twice to even have a chance of the coveted spots in the final standing, and also beat Winnipeg at least once. That is a man sized job in any year, but if the line can continue to hold on as they did several times on Saturday against the Blue Bombers, then it is not at all impossible. The back field is good enough to score many points.

To go over the games already played, the best showing that the Riders made was undoubtedly in their game with Winnipeg, as they had the potential tie in their hands and a possible win if they had gone on from there, but an unfortunate fumble within five yards of the line spelled disaster. At Calgary on the grass covered Mewata Stadium and playing under lights for the first time for most of the squad, they did not do too badly, the intercepted pass giving the Stampeders the necessary edge to keep ahead and enable them to play a more or less defensive game during the latter part of the

game, but the return match on the following Saturday had better be forgotten as soon as possible. Listlessness and a sad lack of understanding were the main features, which with the educated toe of Mr. Bill Wusyk, who got two field goals, spelled the ruin of the Riders' hopes.

Then what can be said about the mighty Blue Bombers being beaten on the diminutive Osborne Stadium by a solid Calgary line who would not let any of the Winnipeg back line enough space to operate in. There again the mighty Wusyk was the spark plug, getting the only score by booting another through the goal posts for a field goal. Of course Winnipeg got their revenge at Calgary in the last game played before this is written, taking the measure of the Griffing led Stamps by a 13-5 score thereby making the picture become more difficult for the Saskatchewan entry. Attendances have been wonderful all around the circuit, and Regina should again turn out in force on Saturday October 5 and Monday October 14 (Thanksgiving Day), to welcome Calgary and Winnipeg again. The new park is still very much like the old dust bowl, but Rome was not definitely built in a day and neither are football parks, as the makers of Mewata Stadium's wonderful surface will gladly confirm.

While on the subject of rugby, let's take a look at the junior situation, which is set up for the first time in years. Three Regina teams, Westend Gophers, Northside Eskimos and Eastside Bombers, together with the Moose Jaw Maroons, who were the last Saskatchewan entry to travel East in search of Dominion junior honors away back in 1932, and the always willing to turn out a team, Notre Dame Hounds, make up the league, which will swing into action on September 21st with games at Park Hughes and Moose Jaw. Many would have preferred to see the Regina players distributed in some



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other manner than to revive the old "West, North, East" rivalry which sometimes produced disastrous results in pre-war days, and which has died out during those years, but time will tell just how well the sponsors of the league have built. At any rate the move to revive this class of football is all to the good and the advantages will certainly outweigh any small disasters that may crop up. So turn out to these junior affairs. The schedule calls for a game at Park Hughes or Park de Young whichever it is, every Saturday that the Riders are not playing and should produce many thrilling contests. These "teen agers" can do something besides jitterbug, believe me, and they will show you fans a good brand of rugby.

The fastball situation did not turn out so well for the Southern Saskatchewan representatives, as both men and girls bowed to Northern clubs. The Regina entry, the Canadian Legion, won the local loop, and charged through Moose Jaw Army and Navy Veterans. They then engaged Saskatoon Empires in a five game series which was quite the spot for action. Regina won two, Saskatoon won two, the second of which was defaulted by the Legion when they walked off the field to protest an umpire's decision, and the deciding game was taken by the Empires the following week by a 3-2 score. Saskatoon then went through the Vancouver Girodays two games to one and tangled with Winnipeg but were defeated and the Manitoba entry finished up Western champs.

The question as to whether the Canadian Legion management were justified in walking off the field seemed almost right, when the Vancouver club also objected to the umpire's "condition," a thing which should be looked into fairly sharply. The game is played at such a fast tempo, that one error by the presiding official is enough to ruffle tempers in these playoff games.

Saskatoon Ramblers won the girls' Western championship in a round robin affair at Edmonton, defeating the other contestants, St. Vital (Winnipeg), Medicine Hat and Vancouver, to take the crown laid down this year by the Regina Caps. The latter far back in the inter-city standing came through in the playoffs and went into a tough hard series with the ultimate Western champs before bowing out of the picture.

The baseball is not yet finished.



Still in there pitching!

Moose Jaw Canucks are winners of the Western division of the S.S.B.A., having eliminated Reins Red Sox and Notre Dame Hounds, but Weyburn Beavers and the Regina Clippers are tied one game apiece and play off to decide who will take on Smokey Wilson's club in the last series. The Moose Jaw club came from nowhere early in the season and finished like a whirlwind.

Now to take a look at the hockey prospects. It is a cinch that the senior lookout can be no worse than it was at any time during the past winter, and with the arrival of Bill Hunter of Saskatoon to team up with C. B. Whitney in the management of the Capitals, Bill will incidentally coach the club also, with Bud Huber again acting as secretary of the club, will without doubt buck things up a lot. Bill Hunter is a well known hockey mentor at both Saskatoon and North Battleford and he has announced the names of several players signed to boost the few hold-overs that were kept from 1945-46. Such boys as the Weist brothers,

Cliff Dobsen, and others will plug the holes that were so apparent last year and the likelihood of many players returning from the schools at present being held by the professional clubs will also help.

The junior set-up will certainly be better than last year, the Regina

(Continued on Page 18)

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ME AND THE SGT.-MAJOR

By ROBERT TYRE

My troubles with the sergeant-major began just two days after I joined the air force.

And just to keep the record straight I want to say here and now that the trouble with the sergeant-major was none of my doing. I was quite prepared to get along on amicable terms with everybody in the air force; even sergeant-majors.

I might say, too, that I was deeply hurt and disillusioned by the sergeant-major's attitude. It was a terrific let-down after the terrific build-up in the recruiting office.

"Your comrades in arms will welcome you to the service," the recruiting officer had said in a voice that was vibrant with good fellowship and brotherly love. "You have joined the company of a band of brothers and

as a brother you will be accepted and respected."

Apparently somebody had forgotten to tell the sergeant-major about this brotherly love stuff. He not only didn't accept me as a brother, but I couldn't even make the grade with him as a distant cousin. Looking back on our relationship now I would say that he treated me more like a mother-in-law who had caught him kissing the maid and told his wife.

As I said before my trouble with the sergeant-major began the second morning after I joined the air force. It has been an immutable practice with me never to rise before eight in the morning and I could see no good reason why I should disrupt this habit just to conform to a few silly old rules and regulations somebody at Ottawa had dreamed up.

It was past nine and I was still sleeping soundly when someone tugged at my shoulder and wakened me. I opened one eye and gave this person a sharp glare.

"Well," I said impatiently. "What is it?"

"Reveille blew at 5:30," this person said with a rasp in his voice.

"Okay," I yawned. "Be a good fellow and order me a couple of eggs soft-boiled with toast. Tell them to have it ready in about half an hour."

This person got very red about the face and seemed as though he was about to have a heart attack. When he had stopped shaking he spoke to me again.

"Get up!" he said.

"A joke is a joke," I warned him, "but don't carry this thing too far."

"Get up!" he repeated, and this time there was an indefinable quality about his voice that made me decide to get up. I got up.

"Now," he said, and the brotherly love was still missing from his voice, "what is your name and number?"

I told him. Then I said, "What's yours?"

"I am the sergeant-major," he said in a voice dripping ice-cubes. "See me in my office in twenty minutes."

Later that day while I was washing the windows in the sergeant-major's office, I decided that the whole issue had resolved itself into a battle of personalities. A test of strength between myself and the S.M. I could see that by some strange circumstance of fate I had been selected to uphold and fight for the dignity of Man. I had become a symbol! A symbol that stood for the rights and liberties of the individual as opposed to the autocracy and regimentation which the S.M. stood for.

"When you finish washing the windows, clean out the bathroom," the sergeant-major instructed.

"Yes, sir," I said, and the deadly struggle for mastery had commenced.

In the week that followed the clash of personalities became a daily occurrence and the din of our encounters resounded and vibrated throughout the barracks.

Monday the S.M. found me in the recreation room and ordered me to stand to attention. I stood to attention.

"Your brass is in a disgraceful condition," he stormed. "Go and polish your buttons and then come to my office for an inspection."

"Yes, sir," I said. The first round was his.

Tuesday he caught me sleeping through a lecture period on the causes of the Second World War.

"Get a broom and sweep off the drill floor," he ordered.

"Yes, sir," I said. The second round was his.

Wednesday afternoon I was enjoying a little nap behind the dish-washing machine when I heard him coming. I acted with split-second presence of mind. Leaping to my feet I sprang over two mess tables and

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hurled myself through a second-storey window. The third round was mine.

Two months later when I got out of the hospital the first person I ran into was the S.M.

"Ah, Tyre," he said. "How are you feeling?"

"First class," I said, with the same old challenge in my voice.

"In that case get a shovel and remove some of that snow from the sidewalk."

"Yes, sir," I said. The fourth round was his.

Two days later I spotted him out with a lady friend and tipped off his wife by telephone. He called me in the next morning.

"Somebody involved me in a little domestic trouble last night. Was it you?"

"Do you think I would stoop to that sort of thing?" I demanded.

"I do," he said, "and that's why I have arranged to have you do guard duty tonight. The weatherman predicts sub-zero temperatures." The fifth round was even.

The Dignity of Man versus Autocracy and Regimentation might have dragged along for the duration had not the S.M. decided to make a little profit out of the feud. He called me in.

"From now on you and I are going to be friends," he beamed. "No more of this knife-in-the-back stuff. It's like brothers we are from now on. You agree?"

"I agree," I said. I thought probably that recruiting officer had had a talk with him and told him about the brotherly love angle. We shook hands.

"Now that we're good friends," he said casually, "I wonder if you could loan me ten bucks 'til pay day?"

"I only have ten bucks," I demurred.

"It would be a brotherly gesture," he said persuasively. I gave him the ten dollar bill.

"Now," said the S.M. glibly, "I want to tell you about a certain regulation which makes it a very serious crime to attempt to bribe a superior officer. Do you follow me?"

"No," I said. "I don't follow you. What's that got to do with the ten dollars I loaned you?"

"You call it a loan, I call it a bribe," he snickered. "But if you were to forget all about the loan, I would forget all about the bribe. Do you get the point?"

"I get the point all right," I ad-

mitted. "The ten dollars is a gift."

"Exactly," he said. "Forget you ever gave it to me and don't ask for it back."

"Agreed," I said.

"Fine," the S.M. purred. "And now get a broom and sweep out this office."

"Yes, sir," I said. That round was his, too.

That night the S.M. called me on the telephone. He was a man in great agitation.

"The local police have me locked up," he yelped. "That bill you gave me was a phoney. Come on down here and clear me."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said. "I have no recollection of giving you a bill." Gently I put the receiver back on the hook.

They gave the S.M. six months at hard labor. That was my round. It was also a complete victory for brotherly love and the dignity of man.

I might add that I was only keeping that bill for its souvenir value.

Veterans in Business

(Continued from Page 7)

his release brought them back with him.

Because of the outstanding name chosen for his cafe, Mr. Ferris, who started his business by using re-establishment credits, is now also being aided through out of work allowances.

On the 24th of July, James Ellis, Assistant District Administrator, Department of Veterans Affairs, was passing through Kennedy when he was attracted to the sign "Dieppe." Like others before him, he went in and engaged Ferris in conversation. He decided that although Ferris was doing a good job of getting established, the cost of equipment and other expenses were so great that a waiting returns allowance was warranted. Thus in another instance the D.V.A. has come to the aid of a veteran, who has himself been doing a good job.

Teacher—"How many kinds of wood are used in making a match."

Biggest Boy in Class—"Two kinds. He would and she would."

* * *

Man—"Pardon me, Miss, but has your dress slipped off or am I seeing things?"

Girl—"Both."

A MATTER OF CONVENTION!

A junior officer dining at a fashionable London club, spied his Brigadier sitting at a corner table reading a newspaper. Wishing to ingratiate himself with his C.O., he walked over and stood stiffly at attention while he said conversationally, "Good evening, Sir."

The Brigadier elevated an eyebrow over the edge of his paper and replied, "Humph!"

"That is, Sir, it would be if it wasn't raining, Sir."

Seeing that he wasn't getting very far, the young Lieutenant thought he would try a more personal angle. "I was sorry to hear that you buried your wife the other day, Sir."

The Brigadier put down his paper, looked at the Lieutenant and answered in a bored voice. "Had to. Dead, you know."

Jack Pottle tells us that all he grew in his garden this year was tired.

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Women's Page



I SURE TOLD HIM

By PAMELA

There are times when life seems particularly difficult. Especially when one is trying to adapt oneself to the restrictions of civilian life after the freedom of life in the forces. Sometimes I even wish I were back in that uniform that I always squawked about. Like today for instance. I was up to my ears in work when the boss stamped in importantly, papers sticking out at all angles from every conceivable pocket. "You look like a fugitive from a wild animal park," I said coldly. "Why do you always have to go around look-

ing like a porcupine?" Remaining unmoved by this flaying bit of sarcasm, he waved a large and slightly soiled hand in my face, inquiring snappily, how am I getting along with that editorial material?

I was seething inside although nobody would guess. At least hardly anybody. "Not too well," I answered in a quiet, controlled manner. "After all, what does a girl know about atom theories and besides I haven't had any real exper—". I was cut off rudely.

"You don't have to know anything about it," he said, impatiently pawing around in the papers on his desk. "All you have to do is jot down a few facts. I'll round them out and write the editorial."

I sniffed. "Sure, and what happens if I jot down the wrong facts?"

"Don't be silly," he returned cuttingly. "How could you? Go to the public library. Call the bureau of information. Anybody can give you the facts if you just take the trouble to ask them."

I stuck my lower lip out mutinously. "Anybody but you," I mumbled under my breath. However, aloud I managed to say sweetly, "But you have such a way with people. Particularly women. They end up by thinking you are doing them the favor. Women just don't react the same to other women." I looked at him craftily through lowered eyelashes (O.K. so I haven't any eyelashes to speak of. Anyway, who cares? I would think it's more important to have a little character . . . but I am digressing.)

My remark appeared to pass unnoticed. He was still scrabbling around among the papers on his desk.

"Are you by any chance looking for this?" I inquired frostily, daintily holding aloft a smudgy looking pilsner label. "There seems to be a name scribbled on the back. Well, well, 'Joe Gluck, Prop. of the Greasy Sleeve'. Sounds enchanting. Who is he?"

"Oh, a fellow I know," he mumbled evasively, giving me a phony smile.

"An old pal, I presume, whom you last saw falling into the River Moro," I prodded rashly, unobtrusively hitching up my nylons.

"How did you know?" he inquired, leering wolfishly in the direction of my ankles. "As a matter of fact we fought the battle of Picadilly together. The last I saw of him he had just been taken a prisoner by a couple of blondes. Never did know what happened to him. We have a lot of catching up to do."

This I ignored, being momentarily out of repartee. Anyway, somehow or other I seemed to have been sidetracked from my former subject. I took a deep breath, preparatory to making another attack.

Reading my mind like an open book, the master-brain quickly intervened. "And don't forget to have that editorial material ready when I come in at 5. All you have to do is jot down a few facts."

Well, I knew I was beaten. All I could think of to say was hadn't he ever heard of a day starting at 9 in the morning. He heard me alright but all I got was a flash of that grin which is supposed to slay so many people (and couldn't I give those babes an earful) and the door banged behind him.

Resolving to check on the "Female help wanted" column the first minute I got, I reached gloomily for the phone book. Might as well try the bureau of information first. There must be an easier way than spending the afternoon in the public library. Well, let's see . . . here it is, Bureau of Information 93444. . . Confidentially though if anybody has a recipe for growing long curly eyelashes I wish they'd let me know. Not for myself of course. A friend of mine got hers singed the other night reading "The Postman Always Knocks Twice."

I always said that girl didn't have much character!

(Continued on Page 15)

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Panorama of Italy

(Editor's Note—This graphic description of Italy is claimed to have been written by a wounded Canadian in hospital there. His name is, as yet, unknown.)

If I were an artist with nothing to do,
I'd paint a picture—a composite view
Of historic Italy—in which I'd show
Visions of contrast, the high and the low.

There'd be towering mountains, a deep
blue sea,
Filthy brats yelling "Caramela" at me;
High-plumed horses, and colorful carts,
Two-toned tresses of hustling tarts.

I'd show Neapolitan cops—the Cara-
binieri;
Defected old women with too much to
carry;
A dignified gentleman with Balboa
beard;
Bare-bottomed bambinos, both ends
smeared;

Castle and palace, Opera house too;
Hotel on the mountain—marvellous view;
Homes made of wood, of bricks and of
mud;
People covered with scabs, scurvy and
scrub;

Chapels and churches, great to behold,
Each a king's ransom in glittering gold;
Poverty and want; men crawling for
food,
Picking through garbage, practically
nude;

Stately cathedrals with high-toned bells;
Ricovery shelters—with horrible smells;
Mouldering catacombs—a place for the
dead;
Noisy civilians clamoring for bread;

Palatial villages, with palm trees tall;
A stinking hovel—mere hole in the wall;
Tree-fringed lawns, swept by the breeze;
Goats wading in filth up to their knees;
Revealing statues, all details complete;
A sensual lass, with sores on her feet;
Big-breasted damsels—but never a bra—
Bumping against you; there should be
a law;

Creeping boulevards; a spangled team;
Alleys that wind like a dope-fiend's
dream;

Flowers blooming on the side of a hill;
Sidewalk latrines—with privacy nil;

Two-by-four shops, with shelving all
bare;

Gesturing merchants, arms flailing the
air;

Narrow-gauge sidewalks, more like a
shelf;

A butt-puffing youngster scratching him-
self;

Lumbering carts, hogging the road;
Nondescript trucks, frequently towed;
Diminutive donkeys, loaded for bear;
Horse-drawn taxis seeking a fare;

Determined pedestrians, courting dis-
aster,

Walking in gutters, where movement is
faster;

Italian drivers, all accident bound,
Weaving and twisting to cover the
ground;

Home-made brooms—weeds tied to a
stick,

Used on the streets to clean off the brick;
Bicycles and push-carts blocking your
path;

Street-corner politicians needing a bath;

Arrogant wretches, picking up snipes;
Miniature Fiats, of various types;
Young street-singer—hand-organ tune;
Shoe-shining boy; a sidewalk saloon;

Barbers galore with manners quite mild;
Prolific women, heavy with child;
Il Duce's "secret weapon"—kids by the
score,

Caused by his bonus which is no more;

A beauteous maiden, a smile on her face—
With a breath of garlic fouling the place;
Listless housewives, no shoes on their
feet,

Washing and cooking out on the street;

The family wash—of "tattle-tale grey"—
Hung from the balcony, blocking the
way;

Native coffee—God! What a mixture!—
Tiled bathrooms, with one extra fixture;

Families dining from one common bowl;
Next to the fish store, a hell of a hole;
Italian zoot-suiters, flashily dressed;
Bare-footed beggars looking depressed;

Mud-smeared children, clustering about,
Filling their jugs from the community
spout;

A dutiful mother, with look of despair,
Picking the lice from her small daughter's
hair;

Capable craftsmen, skilled in their art;
Decrepit old shacks, falling apart;
Intricate needle-work, out on display,
Surrounded by filthiness, rot and decay;

Elegant caskets, carved out by hand;
Oderous factories, where leather is
tanned;

A shoemaker's shop; a "black-market"
store,
Crawling with vermin—no screen on the
door.

I've tried to describe things that I've
seen—

Panorama of Italy—the brown and the
green.

I've neglected the war-scars, visible yet,
For those are the things we want to
forget.

I'm glad that I came; but I'm anxious
to go.

Give it back to the natives—I'm ready
to blow!

—o—

Mary had a little car
In which she used to frisk;
Now wasn't that an awful thing,
Her little *?

—o—

WASHED UP?

And then there was the man who
made the observation that marriage
could be compared to a bath. "It's
not so hot once you've been in it for
a while!"

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NO THANK YOU, SIR

By Hal Ogden

Thousands of us who have stripped off our Air Force overalls for the last time, have been beseiged in recent months by radio addresses, posters, and letters inviting us to re-enlist as tradesmen in the R.C.A.F. (Regular). The bait has been made to appear as attractive as possible. We see newspaper shots of lowly LAC's being enthusiastically greeted by Group Captains. Touring recruiting officers now call us "the real glamour boys of the Air Force." We receive long questionnaires asking our opinions about service conditions, uniforms, pay, discipline, promotion, etc. But if I'm not mistaken, the majority of ex-ground crew have answered these enticing invitations with an ungrateful, "No thank you, Sir!"

Why?

Well, first of all, Sir, your approach is too high. Ground crew personnel are not "glamour boys". Draining hot oil out of engines, pumping up oleo legs, barking knuckles on nuts that just can't be reached—those kind of things don't lend themselves to glamour, so why not stow that attack? Besides, most of us are too old in service if not in years to be interested in the romantic angle.

About the pay, Sir, you ask in your questionnaire if we think it is all right. Well, we do. You don't need big money in the service because you can't starve; your housing problem is the government's problem, and you are in no danger of spending the rest of your life paying some doctor's room and board.

Pay and glamour aren't the real reasons why we are not trouping back to our wrenches and brooms. To find those, let's do what the politicians do. Let's look at the record.

You'll find that every man who

served on the ground for two or three years had the enlightening experience of seeing his civilian friends, in imminent danger of being drafted into the Army, join the R.C.A.F., and, in a matter of months, emerge with commissions. Naturally such spry fellows weren't very popular with us. We lost the respect we had originally for commissions. Frankly, I haven't recovered that respect yet and I doubt if many others of the ground crew are any different.

We remember, particularly those of us who were swept into the air force on the first wave of patriotism, that we often had more flying hours than the new Air Crew officers we were supposed to salute. We remember scores of trips in lumbering Stranars as flight engineers, air gunners and crew men on the East and West coasts long before the inland mass production schools were able to supply adequate Air Crew members.

Most of us had friends at those coastal squadrons who were killed, without Air Crew badges, in the crashes that were quite frequent in those days. When we were lucky enough to be able to provide decent burial for those friends, Sir, they were every bit as dead as if they had been more romantically dispatched by German ack-ack. You can understand, Sir, that we were not pleased when, after serving our time on those isolated squadrons, we were expected to bow before the fledgling heroes who had never been beyond the relatively safe confines of their training schools, but, who, nevertheless were commissioned.

Before you can expect any mass re-enlistment from ground crew, Sir, it will be wise to even that score up. In the future make all Air Crew earn their commissions, the way some did, and make it possible for ground crew to get commissions.

That's a thought for you, Sir, the next time you prepare questionnaires and application forms.

Another reason why many of us prefer to remain ex-members of R.C.A.F. ground crew is that you were too eager in December of 1944 to feed us to the wolves. You remember how you found that you had far more Air Crew graduates than you knew what to do with. You discharged them by the score. The first-in-first-out policy went overboard. You turned the boys loose, although many of them had had no more than a year or two of service. They couldn't be drafted. They didn't have to report for essential service.

At the same time you told us, the ground crew, that we could have our discharges too, but the conditions were slightly different. It didn't matter how many years of service we had had; how many flying hours; how many months in isolation. Unless we had had Overseas Service, we could be drafted on discharge either into the Army, or into essential service.

You see what I am getting at, Sir. During the winter of 1944-45, when the government found itself in an embarrassing conscription crisis, you were willing to sacrifice us. You can't blame us for wondering what you will do if given another chance.

Then there is another little item, Sir, that many R.C.A.F. veterans, both Air Crew and Ground Crew, blame you for. It's that Overseas business. All of us volunteered to go wherever you saw fit to send us. We all expected to be Overseas within months. But what happened? We found that the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan made that impossible. Thousands and thousands had to remain behind to train the recruits, to service the planes, to man your isolated bases. We were told

(Continued on Page 24)

Women's Page

(Continued from Page 12)

JIVE IN PANTOMIME

It seems that veterans' wives have the odd interesting and amusing experience too. One young veteran we know has moved his Regina born and raised wife and family to a very small town in northern Saskatchewan, where he is now established in business.

They are liking it fine. The fresh air and sunshine, lovely green vegetables, milk, eggs and cream are good for the kids. There is also a big yard with a high fence where they can play safely. That the social life of their parents is somewhat cut down is beside the point. Anyway a young couple with two small children can't find an awful lot of time for the social side of life anyway. Or so they keep telling themselves.

The young wife, back in Regina for a few days recently, had nothing but praise for their new set-up. She did, however, deplore the fact that there is only one show a week and usually an old one that they had seen before. More than this, they found to their amusement that the theatre manager has for years set himself up as a sort of general educator and censor. It was not unusual for him to stop a picture several times to give his own explanation of some point, or if a certain part didn't meet with his approval to cut it out altogether. Most of the local patrons find this quite in order and any who don't simply have to grin and bear it.

Recently, however, our veteran's wife was cheered to hear that a fairly recent picture was to be shown and so filled with a pleasant sense of anticipation she and the druggist's wife hied themselves off to see it.

As they sat waiting for the picture to start the manager made an announcement. It was to the effect that he hadn't thought much of the sound, the music was poor and so on and to be brief, he wasn't going to bother running the sound at all.

To his amazement the silence which followed this remark was suddenly shattered by two ear-splitting shrieks of hysterical laughter. Then silence again. For two grim, silent hours our two ardent movie fans sat and watched a picture starring Harry James and his hot, sweet trumpet!

They call jitterbugs hep cats but hip cats would be a better name.

Beauty Hint

What are you doing with those old uniforms since your return to civvy life? One gal we know, who happened to be an officer in the Army, had a couple of hers dyed. She is now the lucky possessor of two beautiful tailored suits, one black and one brown.

Worn with feminine frilly blouses or crisp tailored ones, these suits are really elegant and in no way resemble the military effect of former days. Of course all military insignia and buttons were removed.

Drug clerks in a certain eastern city went on strike. The owners had to dispense without their services.

A BEAUTY SUGGESTION

If an exciting date comes up unexpectedly catching you in the need of a shampoo and no time to get it, here is a suggestion that we have tried with happy results.

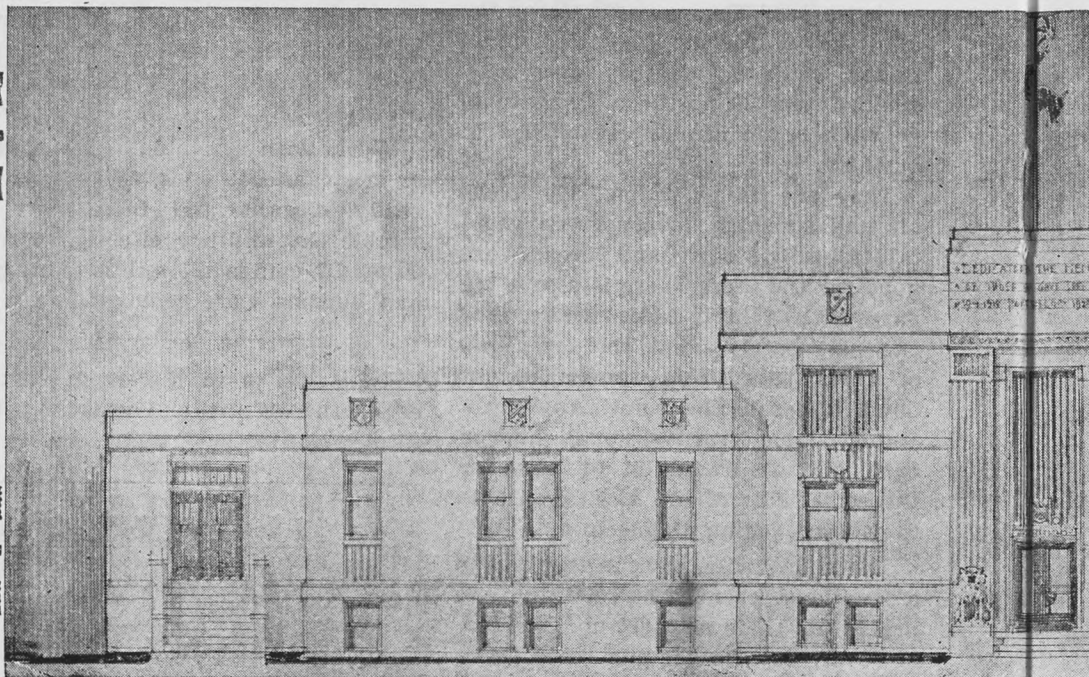
Put a small amount of your favorite cologne in a basin of warm, soft water and using a clean brush or piece of absorbent cotton, give your hair a quick "sponge."

By the time you are bathed and dressed your hair will be dry and after a brisk brush will be soft and shining.

Hope you have as good a time as we did!



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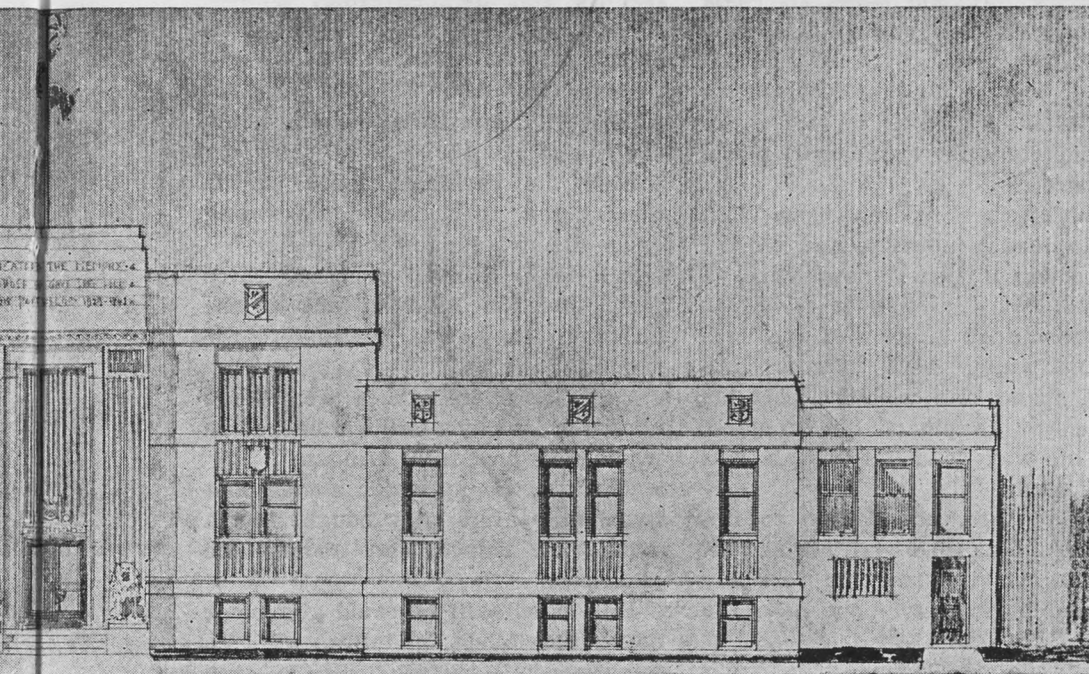
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HAPPY LANDING?

By TONY DICKASON



He was a nice boy from a London paper projected with dozens of other nice boys from London papers and news services into the maelstrom of the "job in Europe."

And now Benny had received a hurry-up recall. For this he was eternally grateful. He had one problem only: how to get from the remote advance H.Q. where he was, to London where he would like to be.

"Look," said Benny to the transport Johnny, "I really must get out of here in a hurry. What's the score on the transport situation?"

"The score," said the Johnny, "as far as I am concerned, starts here and ends at base. You'll be on your own from there unless you're lucky enough to catch a PRO who'll know what's moving across."

There were only two of the army press liaison fellows in the entire area as far as Benny knew, and the area was, to say the least, extensive. Where they were he didn't know, and it would take time to locate them. He resolved to take a chance on his luck and play on the sympathy of the brass to get moving.

Back at base he checked the situation. In two days they would move him to the coast where he'd have to wait and take a chance on crossing. An interested but busy C.O. told him to try the 'drome, maybe he'd pick up a ride there.

"Brilliant, positively brilliant," said the nice boy bumping his way to the airstrip.

As pleasant as R.A.F. usually was, operations however summed it up tersely: "No dice."

"One just can't start all over again after going this far," thought Benjamin. "Maybe, just maybe, I'll grab a ride without the dubious help of 'ops'."

So he nosed around the mess, stalked the field and haunted the hangar layout talking to pilots, putting out tentative feelers for a "hitch" across the water.

One merry-eyed Canadian attached to R.A.F. gave Benny the wink when he had earnestly asserted he had to make home quickly, his aunt was ill.

"We can't take you passenger style, you know," said the Canuck. "As a matter of fact, our job just

holds myself, co-pilot, and a couple of heavies. If you want to come through we'll load you in the bomb bay. Safe enough, we won't be loaded . . . and if you really want to make it . . ."

Passionately Benny replied in the affirmative.

"Tonight, then, in the hangar. We'll have to load you early, and on the quiet side, if you know what I mean."

In the murky interior of the hangar, Benjamin, bent almost into pretzel shape, and with his portable pressed to the pit of his stomach, edged his way down into the bowels of the ship.

He lay there, not daring to unearth cigs because of telltale smoke. Then, he felt the machine suddenly "up" and move slowly out onto the airstrip.

Minutes later, a couple of grinning faces peered back at him. Pilot and co-pilot both assured him he would be "as safe as a bug in a rug," and that they were taking off immediately.

In the darkness, Benny shook to the vibration of the engines, and then to the gentle bump as the pilot touched once after what Benny imagined was the take-off. It was smooth riding after that.

"Plane-sailing," said Benny.

More minutes passed, Benny gauged that they should be about mid-channel, anyway, and was beginning to doze when an intent face thrust itself into his restricted line of vision. It was Canuck.

"We're in a spot," said Canuck.

"Oh," said Benny.

"Yes," reaffirmed Canuck. "Haven't time to explain but we gotta bail out."

"Oh," said Benny, weakly.

"We've only got our own silk, Mac, and the best we can do for you is to drop down over the channel, open the bomb bay, drop you out, and trust to luck we can gain altitude before the ship really starts to break up. Even then we're risking a lot for you."

"U-huh," choked Benny.

"I'll shout just before we let you go," said Canuck.

"I never really wanted to be a newspaperman," Benny lamented to himself, hoping, subconsciously, to outwit fate.

Cramped in the bay, he couldn't feel the ship manoeuvring.

"Get set," called a voice from ahead.

Benny was dripping with perspiration. He felt moist all over and bone-dry in the mouth.

Like the yawning mouth of the hungry sea, the bomb doors swung open—Benny plunged into space.

All told, he fell probably three feet, unto the hard surface of the airstrip. They had never left the ground.

Canadian flyers have a great sense of humor. Benny's crime was that he was a nice boy, from London.

They got Benny a ride home about two hours later. They bought him a drink and helped him aboard the plane.

He looked as if he could give some nerve specialist an interesting ten minutes.

SPORTS

(Continued from Page 9)

Pats taking the place of the Commandos and Abbots, the two clubs having amalgamated, and up to date eleven holdovers from last season have signed on the dotted line, and there is also the possibility of returns from the schools will boost the line-ups. Moose Jaw Canucks, having builded well with control of all minor clubs, will again certainly be well in the limelight, and the Notre Dame Hounds are certain starters again. All in all a banner season is to be looked forward to, and with three teams in the loop instead of four, the competition will be that much tighter. Talk has been floating around of a Manitoba-Saskatchewan league, but it is this writer's opinion that it will not go over.

News is scarce from the North about hockey, but it is sure to pop up any day now, and it is likely that the Saskatoon Quakers and the Varsity will be senior clubs, with the possibility of a hookup with Prince Albert and North Battleford, which would make a good league.

With snow still a little piece away (we hope), skiing and other sports that depend on the white stuff are still in the offing and may be left over for future comment.

CANADIAN WAR LIBRARY

By PETER McCLINTOCK

One of the best parts of a war is looking back on it. Then the dirt and discomfort have been forgotten and all that sticks is the memory of the guys who were with you and what your first shot of Calvados tasted like, and the blonde with the red wedge shoes you picked up on the Boulevard Adolph Max on your first "48" in Brussels.

One way of looking back on this last six years Cook's tour of the U.K., Italy and north-west Europe is by reading about it. Now that the tumult and the shouting has died (we hope), the expected spate of war books has hit the market.

Some of them are good, some bad. It may be prejudice, but it seems that books about Canadians written by Canadians all turned out to be good.

It isn't possible in this space to discuss them all. So to avoid any arguments, the dozen listed below are all written about the army. There were some excellent volumes on the air force, the navy and the merchant navy. But space won't permit.

These war books are all well written, accurate, and intensely interesting. They can be read again and again by men who were in the war theatres which they describe, and they never lose their interest. They are relatively inexpensive, too, which helps. It doesn't cost much to build up a good representative library to remind you of "the good old days".

Three books which make a good starting point for a veteran's library are the issues of "The Canadian Army at War", published by the Department of National Defense, at Ottawa. They cost only 25c.

First in this series is "The Canadians in Britain, 1939-44". This gives a comprehensive picture of the build-up of the First Canadian Army from the time the first contingent landed in the Clyde on December 17, 1939, till 1st Corps left for the Mediterranean in 1943 and 2nd Corps for France in 1944.

Volume two covers "From Pachino to Ortona" and tells the story of the battles fought by Canadians from operation "Husky" on the shores of Sicily, up the Italian boot, until the fall of Ortona.

Third and last of the series is "Canada's Battle in Normandy". This one tells the story of the landings on D-day, the battles for Caen and



GRIM WAITING: Tired members of the Regina Rifles do not relax their vigilance.

Falaise, and the cross country chase up to the time 2nd Corps crossed the Belgian frontier in pursuit of the German Seventh Army.

Each of these three books is over 150 pages in length. The many illustrations, best to be had, are mainly photographs taken by the Film and Photo Unit, and black-and-white and color plates by official Canadian war artists.

A volume which is a "must" for a post-war library is Russ Munro's "Gauntlet to Overlord", which won him a Governor-General's non-fiction award for 1945.

In the first section of the book, Canada's ace war correspondent describes the battles in north-west Europe. In the second half he deals with what went before—training in England, the Spitzbergen show, Dieppe, North Africa and the Italian campaign.

Some readers may feel that his north-west Europe story is slightly overloaded with 3 Div operations. But on the whole, the book is a well-balanced, authoritative, intensely in-

teresting narrative account of the First Canadian Army's work between 1939 and 1946. The New York Times called it "one of the finest first-hand accounts of war that have appeared".

The best illustrated war book dealing with the Canadian army is "Holland and the Canadians", published by the Canada-Netherlands society in Amsterdam, as a token of friendship between the Dutch people and their liberators. This large book of 150 photographs shows Holland as it was before the war, as it was during the German occupation (with some fine shots taken at risk of death by the underground) and the liberation of the country by the First Canadian and Second British armies.

Veterans who were there will see that the picture on front of this book shows not a Canadian but an English vehicle of the 49th (West Riding) Infantry division. However, the "Polar Bears" were attached to the Canadians for so long, that Hollanders probably thought they were Canadian.

(Continued on Page 20)

Canadian War Library

(Continued from Page 19)

"Holland and the Canadians" was distributed on request through the office of the P.R.O., M.D. 12, Regina.

Three books of personal experiences by Canadians, two by reporters, one by a Winnipeg paratrooper on loan to the British army, deserve a place in any post-war library.

"The Falaise Road" was written by Alan Wood, an Australian newspaperman who was there. It is his diary from Friday, July 7 to Sunday, September 3. Between these dates Canadians made history, and Wood recorded it.

Reading this book, it is possible again to recapture the Normandy dust and heat, the crack of 88s in the wheatfields, the moon rising above the flash of heavy artillery, the blue stab of searchlights down the dust-filled roads, the scarlet waterspouts of 40 mm. Bofors ack-ack on the horizon, the smell around Ifs and Rocquancourt, the debacle north of Quesnay Woods on August 14, when the R.A.F. dropped their loads short, the shambles around Trun.

A book, which may be out of print now, for 2 Div men who went in at Dieppe, is Wallace Reyburn's "Glorious Chapter". When it appeared in U.K. it was called "Rehearsal for Invasion". In it, the Montreal newspaperman gives a graphic first-hand account of his experiences on August

19, 1942, when 2 Div tested out the plans that were later to make June 6, 1944, possible.

"Escape from Arnhem" by Capt. Leo Heaps of Winnipeg is one of the best personal narratives to come out of the war. Veterans who later took Arnhem and who saw the territory where the paratroopers fought, had some idea of what they must have gone through. Capt. Heaps, who won the M.C. for his part in the operation, tells his story modestly but powerfully. His narrative covers his training before the bridgehead operation, the desperate fight for the bridge, and his later work with a Dutch resistance squad.



On the lighter side, there are two collections of cartoons which first appeared in "The Maple Leaf". One is Les Callan's "Normandy and On" in which the Toronto artist portrays some of the more humorous aspects of war in France, Belgium and Holland.

The other is Bing Coughlin's inimitable "Herbie". In "Herbie" Coughlin has collected 183 of his best cartoons. Added to them is a hilarious text by "Doug" McFarlane, one-time managing editor of "The Maple Leaf". This is a book that will be read for years and will never lose its humor.

Poetry isn't lacking either in Canadian war books. One of the better books to come out of the war is "Grey Ship Moving", by Charles Bruce, a Canadian Press man. "Grey Ship Moving" tells in simple and beautiful verse the story of life aboard a troopship.

Another volume of verse is "Barbed Wire Ballads", by Lieutenant Tom "Scotty" Melville, now a Regina sportswriter. Scotty wrote his verses while a prisoner of war in Oflag VII/B in Bavaria, where he was a guest of the German government after being taken prisoner at Dieppe.

The above are only a few of the many fine books which Canadians have written about the last war. But they are representative of the best, tell Canada's story well, and are all worthy of a place in any veteran's library.

"Canadians in Britain", Dept. of Nat. Defense, .25.

"From Pachino to Ortona", Dept. of Nat. Defense, .25.

"Canada's Battle in Normandy", Dept. of Nat. Defense, .25.

"Gauntlet to Overlord", Ross Munro, Macmillan Co., Toronto, \$3.00.

"Holland and the Canadians", P.R.O., M.D. 12, Regina.

"The Falaise Road", Alan Wood, Macmillan Co., Toronto, \$1.00.

"Glorious Chapter", Wallace Reyburn, Oxford University Press, Toronto, \$2.50.

"Escape from Arnhem", Capt. Leo Heaps, Macmillan Co., Toronto, \$3.00.

"Herbie", Bing Coughlin and D. McFarlane, Thos. Nelson & Sons, Toronto, \$2.50.

"Normandy and On", Les Callan, Longmans, Green Co., Toronto, \$1.00.

"Grey Ship Moving", Charles Bruce, Ryerson Co., Toronto, \$1.50.

"Barbed Wire Ballads", T. Melville, School Aids Pub. Co., Regina, \$1.00.

ONCE A SOLDIER

C. C. Folkers, 81, of Maple Creek has been a soldier at heart practically since birth. He served with Teddy Roosevelt's "Rough Riders" in 1898. He complains of having missed every war since that time. "The South African War was over when I returned. I was turned down by a young shavetail in 1914 at the age of 49 and the same thing happened when I attempted to enlist in 1939." He is proud of his son, K. C. Folkers, who attained the rank of Captain and served in every campaign in which the First Division took part. Comrade Folkers served for 14 years in the Canadian Light Horse N.P.A.M. Regiment as R.Q.M.S.

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An Open Letter to Disabled Veterans

This message is directed to those veterans who suffered a physical disability during their service and it is designed to try and correct a prevalent impression that a disabled man is handicapped in employment and is dependent on charity or menial jobs.

You who have suffered a disability have lost some portion of your physical abilities but by no means all of them. With the abilities you still possess, you are capable of performing efficiently and productively in several possible occupations.

Physical abilities play a very small part in most jobs; employers are more interested in your age, past experience, personality, appearance, education, trades training, ability to get along with others and like factors. While you have lost some of your physical abilities you have not lost these other capabilities and you should now capitalize on them by making use of the abilities you still possess. There are roughly 30,000 different jobs in Canada. As long as you are able to go and come from a place of work you will be able to perform one or more of these jobs with full efficiency. Your rehabilitation problem then, is in selecting the proper occupation.

The Department of Veterans Affairs has set up a special organization known as the Casualty Rehabilitation Section, to help you with this problem. This section is trained and equipped to help you select the most suitable occupation for your own particular abilities: an occupation where your physical disability will not be aggravated and where you will be able to compete on an equal basis with the so called able bodied. The section is also prepared to assist you in getting this employment whenever you are able to commence work. Once you have commenced work the section will contact you from time to time to insure that you are satisfied with the occupation and to insure that you are not handicapped in performing the tasks involved. There are probably many of you who are not aware of the existence of this special service the Department of Veterans Affairs has set up for you. If you are one of those people, and you have a rehabilitation problem, you should get in touch with the District Supervisor of Casualty Rehabilitation in your D.V.A. District in order that



THIS IS THE LIFE: Who wouldn't be a sailor? The sun bathers in the picture are Vic Marsh, 2076 Athol Street, and Fishy Heron, 3324 College Avenue. The ship is the "Niagara" in different waters and weather than it appears on page 25.

you may not make the sad error of taking a menial job which does not make use of the special abilities that you have and which pays you only a very small wage.

There are today in Saskatchewan, disabled veterans working at almost every job. There are farmers, doctors, lawyers, electricians, teachers, skilled tradesmen of every type and even heavy manual laborers in this group. We know from observing these disabled veterans at work that physical disabilities are definitely no occupational handicap where the right job is selected. Every addition to this list adds weight to the argument, so by proving to the rather skeptical world at large that the disabled are NOT a special group to be regarded with pity and to be wards of charity; rather, they are normal competitors in the national labor market.

R. J. WOOD,
District Supervisor,
Casualty Rehabilitation,
"4" District.

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LETTER BOX

"NOT WAR PENSIONS"

Regina, Saskatchewan,
27th August, 1946.

The Editor,
Roll Call,
Regina, Saskatchewan.
Dear Sir:

Let's have the truth—they were not "War Pensions". On page 8 of the August issue of Roll Call an article on war pensions by "Sunray-Five" is most misleading and unfair. The following letter by Mr. J. K. Keefler which appeared, under the caption "Not War Pensions," on page 2 of Toronto Saturday Night, dated 29th June, 1946, covers this matter accurately:

"Editor, Saturday Night:

In your issue of June 1 you have a letter from Mr. Fraser Reid of Vancouver, in which he flays the government for generous pensions to senior

officers of the Forces. These are not war pensions, but retirement pensions to which the officers have contributed on the basis of five per cent per year of their pay from the time they entered the Canadian Permanent Force.

For instance, General A. G. McNaughton had about 32 years service to his credit when he was retired, and Major General Constantine had over 35. The most that can be drawn is thirty-five fiftieths of their pay at retirement. In other words, the service pension fund is on the same plan as a bank or civil service pension. It has nothing to do with war service, except in so far as the officer or rank of the Permanent Force may be drawing a higher rate of pay than possibly he would have been in peacetime.

Mr. Reid's further remarks remind me of a jingle found on an old stone sentry box in Gibraltar. It might be taken to heart by many Canadians:

"God and the soldier
All men adore
In time of trouble
And no more;
For when the war is over
And all things righted
God is neglected,
The old soldier slighted."

Toronto, Ontario.

J. F. KEEFLER."

Toronto, Ontario.

Since comparable articles to Mr. Reid's were published widely across Canada, it is requested that Mr. Keefler's letter be reprinted in the Roll Call.

Mr. Keefler mention that General Constantine had over 35 years service and therefore had been paying five per cent of his salary into the pension fund for all of that time. In other words, he paid his money into the pension fund 35 years ago, including the depression years, in "gold and platinum" dollars, but now any pension that is paid back to him will be in present day "inflation" dollars, or "rubber" dollars.

The same conditions prevailed for the permanent employees of the Mounted Police, Airforce, Navy, and Civil Service. They have all paid 5% of their salary into the Government Pension Fund. However, the average civil company pension fund is based on approximately 4%. And one point further—the Mounted Police, Service men, and Civil Servants, are not entitled to any protection for their families (except for death on the battle field) until they have completed 20 years service. They were therefore forced to carry expensive insurance to provide protection for their families, in addition to the 5% of their salary which was extracted for pension dues.

The above is not mentioned as a criticism of the Pension Act. It is a straight forward hard headed business arrangement, both on the part of the Federal Government and the federal employees. The Government is just as tough with its permanent employee, as it is with the wartime soldier—perhaps tougher since the latter is more quickly free to act as he pleases. However, it is felt that the public have a right to know the whole truth.

VETERAN.

Dear Mr. Cameron:

I have just finished reading your first copy and if future copies will be as good as your first one, I don't think there is any doubt as to your success.

The article on page five, "Other Ranks Come First in Roll Call" is, I think, what we have been looking for and if you stay with that policy, the boys will be with you 100%.

Wishing you every success, I am,
Yours truly,

A. O. Hushagen.

Spalding, Sask.

The constitution guarantees every citizen the right of free speech, but it doesn't guarantee that he won't get a punch on the nose if he uses poor judgment in exercising his right.

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PENSION BOARD



Letter Box

(Continued from Page 22)

To the Editor,
Roll Call Publications,
Banner Building, Regina.

During a recent visit to Regina I chanced to see the first issue of your publication and think that you have definitely started a worthwhile magazine.

E. H. Schroeder.
433 Third Avenue North,
Saskatoon, Sask.

Dept. of Veterans Affairs,
Ottawa

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on the quality of your magazine, a copy of which has reached this office. It has a really attractive format.

Yours sincerely,
L. B. Connery,
Superintendent of Publicity.

Two cars collided and the drivers jumped out to inspect the damage. "It's my fault," said one, "but there's nothing much I can do about it. I don't have a dime's worth of insurance and I'm broke and out of work. However, if it will make you feel any better you can call me any and as many vile names as you like."

Said the other: "I'm a very pious man and my vocabulary contains absolutely no profanity or strong words. I have only this to say. I do hope that when you go home tonight your mother runs out from under the porch, barks ferociously, and bites you on the leg."

EVEN NAZI HAD PRIDE

Zombies were not appreciated in Canada. Even the German prisoners couldn't go them. Proof of this is told by an officer of the veteran's guard, who tells this story:

A German prisoner, a major, ran short of clothes and was supplied with a complete Canadian army battle dress. Later he asked to be paraded before the camp commandant. He demanded that a General Service badge (G.S.) be placed on his sleeve.

"I don't want to look like a zombie," he said.

DON'T WE KNOW IT

The treasury department says there is a shortage of one hundred dollar bills.

A soldier who had returned to civilian life wrote as follows to his officer: "Sir: After what I have suffered for the past two years it gives me great pleasure to tell you to go to hell."

In due course he received the following reply:

"Sir: Any suggestions or inquiries concerning movements of military personnel must be entered on form MF-3412, a copy of which is enclosed."

Be sure of your facts and handle your side of the discussion intelligently. Sometimes people get a wrong impression. Like the teacher who said, "F-e-e-t. What does that spell, Johnny?"

"I dunno."

"Of course you do! What is it that a cow has four of and I have only two?"

So he told her.

Fashion Note: They're wearing the same things in brassieres this year.

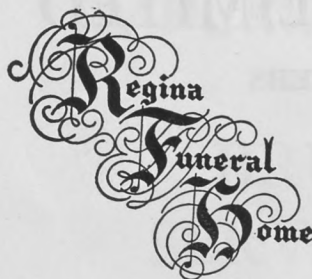
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J. A. Wright

Veterans Nursed to Health

Perhaps nowhere in Canada is there greater evidence of the Federal Government's gratitude to those who have served Canada than right here in Regina. Government house, once the seat of Saskatchewan's lieutenant-governors, has been renovated and changed into a modern and beautiful convalescent home for vet-

erans. Neither time nor money has been spared in making this the most luxurious and comfortable home of its kind in the country. The furnishings are magnificent. Carpets two inches thick cover the floors. Expensive drapes, mostly held over from the old days, adorn the windows. The ballroom has been converted into a

15 ward semi hospital. In all there are 45 beds, each with a private reading lamp. The chandeliers of crystal still swing from the roofs. For recreation there is a library with all the up to minute reading in it. Card rooms, lounge rooms and a billiard table keep the boys occupied, while out doors they have a baseball diamond and lawn bowling. Recreation is in the hands of Jack Millington.

The home is managed by C. N. Beatty. There is a visiting physician and four nurses, three cooks, a dietitian, and physiotherapy personnel. At present the following veterans are convalescing at the home: D. Pelletier, Yorkton; John Henry Foster, Fort Qu'Appelle; Louis H. Craig, Moosomin and Ceylon; Jack Hazel, Glenavon; Arthur Walker, Saskatoon; Harold Silver, Antler; M. Kocot, Lintlaw; James McBride, Carlyle; John Brough of Scotland; W. K. Jones, Weyburn; and John L. Johnson of Chambery.

Regina Veterans

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"Archie" Douglas, Pres.,
Regina Branch

BEEFS and GRIPEs

(Continued from Page 12)

by you, time and time again, that our jobs were every bit as important in Canada as in Europe. We were assured that no discrimination would be used against us.

You didn't make that stick, Sir.

First our gratuities took a beating. Next we found that after discharge we were social pariahs when it came to employment and housing. Under pressure from the Canadian Legion employers were requested to prefer Overseas men. Under Wartime Housing Limited, Overseas men are the only veterans, for all practical purposes, who are entitled to Wartime Houses.

Where was the R.C.A.F. when those Overseas rules were made? Who determined that the service rendered to Canada by an Army, Navy or Air Force personnel vacationing in London was more important than that of a man stationed in isolation at Ucluelet, Gander Bay, Bella Bella or Coal Harbor?

Look at the record, Sir, then I think you'll understand why most of us are answering your invitations to re-enlist with the remark, "No, thank you, Sir."

The 113th Battery Association

One of the least publicized units and yet the first complete unit to leave Regina for overseas is the 113th Battery. About a year ago the members formed an association with Frank Robertson as president, W. J. McKenzie, vice-president, George Sweeting, secretary-treasurer.

At a recent meeting plans to make this association a real success were made. Mr. Sweeting asks all members to watch Roll Call for news of activity, and to write him regarding this magazine.

Dr. James Smith, physician, and Dr. Henry Jones, dentist, were both courting Miss Brown. Upon having to be out of town for a week, the dentist phoned the young woman, saying: "I am sending you a package with a message which I hope you will understand." The package contained seven red apples.

Policeman—"What are you looking for?"

Woman—"A parking place."

Policeman—"Where is your car?"

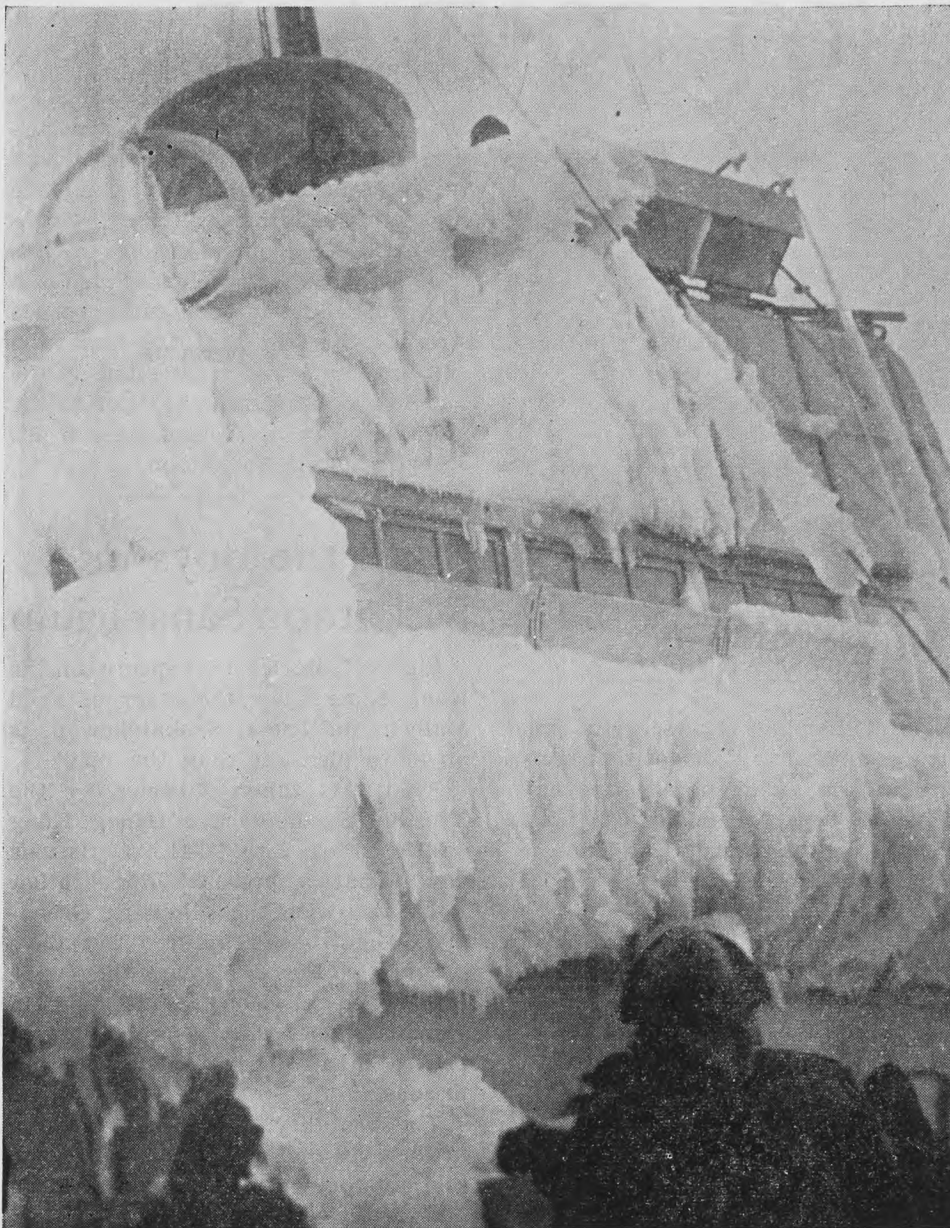
Woman—"In the parking place I'm looking for."

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WILL TAKE FLORIDA: This is a picture of the H.M.C.S. "Niagara" taken about 300 miles off the coast of Newfoundland. The shot was snapped by O. "Fishy" Heron of Regina. The 4.7 gun is pretty well loaded with ice and it's a cinch bet that the boys aboard are dreaming of the days when the Niagara looked like it does on page 21.

Regina Legion

On Thursday, Sept. 5, 188 applicants to the branch were accepted. One hundred and eighty not previously initiated were inducted into full membership. Refreshments were served at the club rooms following the meeting. At present plans are made by the Branch to have every available member take part in the city-wide canvass to be made this fall.

The Canadian Legion Baseball club are taking part in the playoffs of the South Saskatchewan Baseball league and in a two out of three series, won one, lost one and tied one up to Sept. 9th when a final game was played. E. C. Leslie spoke briefly outlining the aims and objects of the Legion.

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Veterans at University

Interest shown by veterans in the pursuit of knowledge is evinced by the fact that of 5,000 men and women registered for training in the University of Saskatoon, 3,000 are veterans. Engineering seems to be the favorite subject chosen with Arts and Science coming next.

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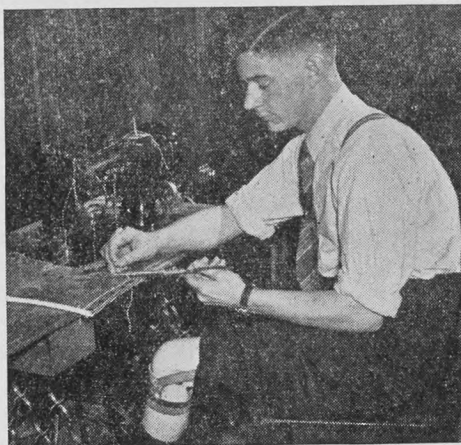
SALUTE TO COURAGE

Editor's Note: This is a column devoted to those who became handicapped through courageous service to their country and who are still carrying on in civil life with that same untrampled spirit which carried them through on the field of conflict.

Friendship sprang up between the two men almost on sight. When young Ted Sheard, formerly of Mozart and Elfros, hobbled in on crutches to see big George Campbell, limb maker for Saskatchewan veterans, he liked the big man's free and easy way of talking. George Campbell liked Ted's good natured grin. Ted was offered a job. After a short course of training at Vocational Training Schools he settled down with Campbell to the task of helping others the way he himself had been helped.

Ted, who is only 22 now, joined up in January, 1943, as a re-inforcement. He went to Italy to join the Pats. Hearing of the Special Service Force, composed of Canadians and Americans, he volunteered. While the force was establishing a beach head at Anzio, Ted stepped on a land mine. This was April 31, 1944.

He was shipped back to Canada. Ted lost no time in mourning the loss of his left leg but pitched into the



TED SHEARD

work of helping others. His good nature and sunny disposition go a long way in aiding others who have the same type of handicap. He was married on the 29th day of June.

"There are none so blind as those who fail to see." This is an age old quotation. We know of at least one young man, who, blinded through action in this war, sees beauty in a great many more things than most of us who are more privileged. We refer to young Lloyd Townsend of Saskatoon, member of the Saskatoon Legion and hero of the show in France. Young Townsend was a guest

of honor at the Northern Saskatchewan zone rally and a man of whom we veterans are proud to salute. He spoke to the gathering for a few moments, not about himself or his troubles but about the help given him and others in the same category. He stressed the fact that the limitation of being blind was augmented by the increase in other senses. Prior to the war he was a scoutmaster in St. Joseph Church, Saskatoon.

With the Boys in Saskatoon Sanatorium

Like all stories of capture in the Hong Kong show the story of Fred Malbeuf, of Ituna, Saskatchewan, is no more pleasant than the rest.

Fred was taken prisoner by the Nips in the defence of Hong Kong on December 25th, 1941. Christmas day. What a present! His brother Pete, also with the Winnipeg Grenadiers, had been captured six days previously. For two years they were imprisoned in Hong Kong and in January, 1944, they were both shipped to Japan and placed in separate prisons.

The brutality of the Japs is told in the eyes of Fred Malbeuf. His lips told a story of beatings, starvation and torture but it was in the eyes that all the misery, despair and longing was emphasized. They kept him in hospital off and on for three years. He had Canadian doctors and orderlies but medical supplies were very short. When he was able he worked at shovelling coal and breaking rock. If he paused for a moment he was struck by a rifle butt in the hands of a grinning heathen.

Fred recalls with a grim smile one day when a Jap officer was nice to him. He came to the cell and bowed and smiled. The war was over.

He met his brother on a Red Cross boat three days out of Japan.

Fred weighed 198 pounds when he joined the army. His weight on his release was 129. Through careful treatment he is fast regaining and is now tipping the scales at 165. Good luck, Fred.

A fellow we know has a broken arm which he received from fighting for a woman's honor. It seems she wanted to keep it.

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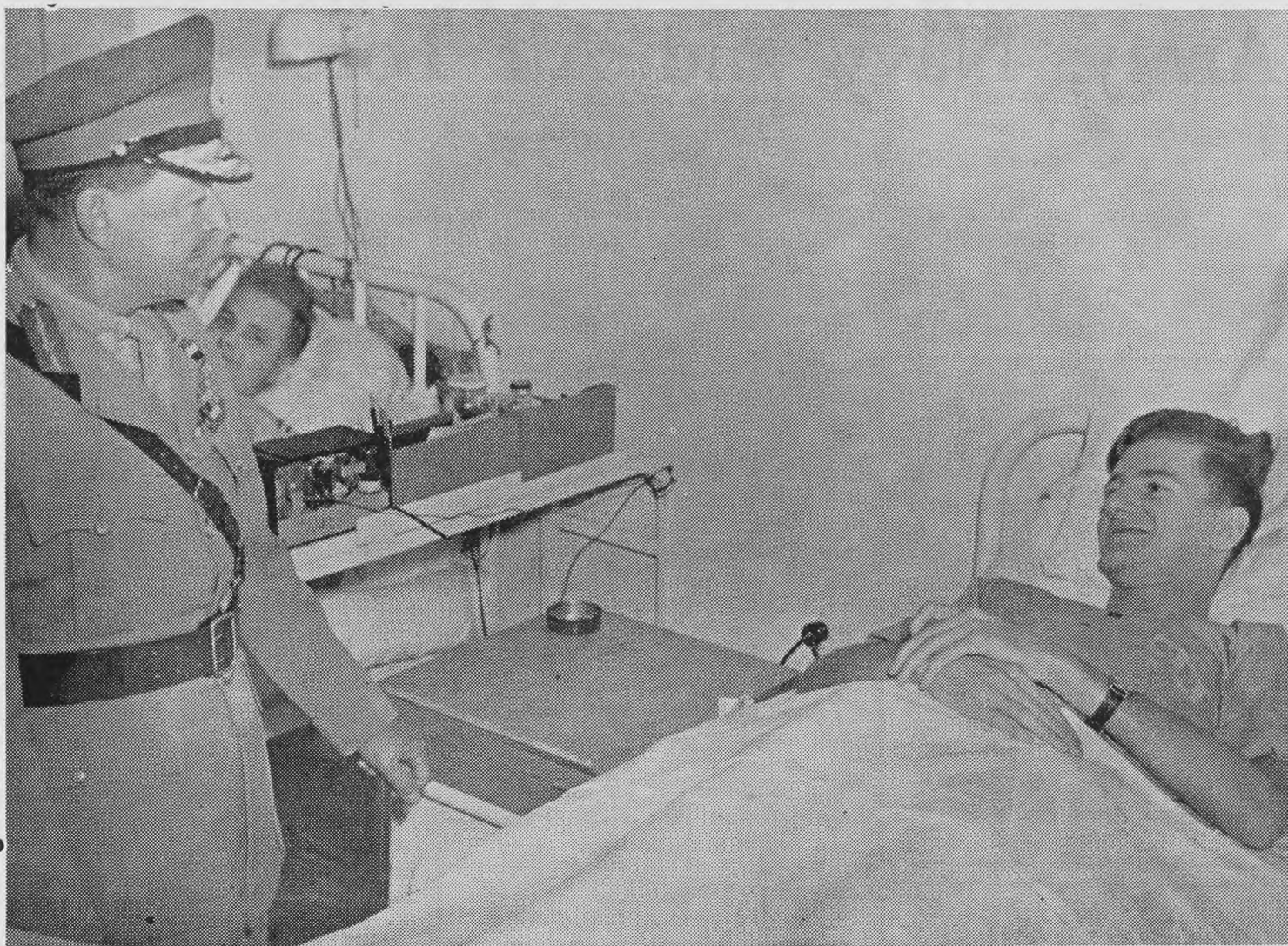
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COUNTRYMEN MEET—Field Marshal Viscount Alexander pauses in his inspection of the Veterans' Pavilion at the Regina General Hospital to chat with LAC Dick Root, R.A.F. Root hails from Holbeach, Lincolnshire, England. His stay in Canada has been prolonged by four years of hospitalization. He came to Canada on the Empire Air Training Scheme in October, 1941. After eight months of training he thought he was about due to fly home and give the Luftwaffe a taste of their own medicine. T.B. of the lung sent him to the sanatorium. Although he is improving rapidly, it has been a long tough grind and the cheerfulness of this Englishman is an example we could all follow. The Field Marshal spent considerable time with patients in this veterans wing and left the impression behind him that he was "one Grand Guy."

BLIND GOLFER

Ronald Hewlett of Edmonton and Kitchener plays golf and enjoys it despite the fact that he is blind. He was robbed of his eyesight by a hand grenade during the Second World War. Witnesses say that he pulls off some very fine shots.

—o—

THAT RE-ESTABLISHMENT CREDIT

Many a veteran who has been lucky enough to have a home paid for and furnished, a car and other needs should consider the fact that it is possible for him to buy Dominion Government annuities, an investment

that assures him of an income in retirement years and which draws interest on his money. Inquire.

Only one man in a thousand is a leader of men. The other 999 are followers of women.

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Army, Navy and Air Force News

MORTLACH

This infant unit of the Association started in May of this year with a splendid inauguration attended by members from all other units in the province. The membership at that time was 20. It has now grown to 70 with the possibility of increasing

to 150 this winter. No grass was allowed to grow underfoot in the way of sports either. Mortlach immediately entered a fastball team into the league and gave a very good account of themselves during the season. A picnic was held in the summer.

New units throughout the province are in the process of forming and have been promised the support of all older units.

REGINA

President Archie Douglas is on holiday at the present writing. He will need this rest before assuming the duties of acting president of the provincial command which will be vacated by President Wickens now that he has assumed the leadership of the Dominion command.

Big Bob Gibson, Vice-president and chairman of the sports committee, assures us that a basketball team will be formed if all members are agreeable and that plans for the season are now under way.

MOOSE JAW

The election of A. J. Wickens, K.C., as the new Dominion president was a proud day for Moose Jaw. Comrade Wickens started a precedent by holding presidency of all three, city, provincial and Dominion.

SPORTS

The baseball and fastball season having come to a finish, Unit 252 have entered into the bowling field. Two teams have been entered in the city, one in the A league and one in B. One is a male team and the other

mixed. The wives and friends of the members are not left out of the entertainment end either. Mixed bridge games are played twice a month.

Tommy Cooper, well known in hockey centres throughout the Dominion and a member of the Moose Jaw Unit, left the city Thursday, Sept. 12, to rejoin the Buffalo Bisons. A son-in-law of Capt. H. Timms who is secretary-treasurer and manager of the Moose Jaw Unit, young Cooper made hockey history by being offered one of the highest bonuses ever paid to an amateur.

PRINCE ALBERT

Improvements to the extent of \$33,000 are nearing completion on the hall which houses this unit. Within a month or six weeks, the hall should be ready for occupation and will be one of the finest halls in the country. President W. Dobson and Secretary J. Martin state that the old hall was absolutely inadequate to meet the needs of the rapid increase in membership. The annual picnic usually held in July is still being held up on account of the weather but some other means of get-together will no doubt be arranged. No sports news has as yet reached this office but it is known that the unit have entered both fastball and baseball leagues and rumor has it that these teams are by no means dragging.

SASKATOON

Plans for a large extension on the present building located at 306 First Avenue North have been approved by the Saskatchewan Liquor Board and building is under way. This construction, according to J. Cooper and G. R. Peterson, will double the size of the present building which is much too small to take care of the big increase in membership.

Secretaries of all Veterans' branches, please send in local and branch news. The quality of this magazine depends a great deal on your contributions.

Delivery Boy—"I'd like to have tomorrow off, sir."

Grocer—"Grandmother dead, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, sir—she's going to be married."

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REGINA

CHAMPIONS ALL



TUG-O-WAR CHAMPS

The husky Moose Jaw lads had their pictures taken just after trouncing the Regina Vets team at the annual joint picnic. Back row, left to right: George Welcher, Tom Gibbs, Harold Smeaton, Jim Twist, Kelly Thompson, Murray Grainger, Bill Cross. Front row, left to right: Bill Bremner, Terry Timms (son of Capt. Harry Timms, manager and secretary of the Moose Jaw unit), Charlie Scotten and Bill Nivens.

BORDEN

This branch of the Legion have really shown signs of activity. Headed by Secretary Evans and President Thomas, the membership has grown from six to 38 and from all reports the executive expect many more.



THE CHAMP: The well known grin of Archie Douglas, president of the Regina unit of the Army, Navy and Airforce Veterans, is broader than ever. He has just defeated Tom Gibbs of Moose Jaw in a barrel boxing bout. The occasion? A joint picnic held in the Wild Animal Park, Moose Jaw.

A woman is loveliest when she turns 30 for the first time.

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Moose Jaw, Sask.

REEFIN' OFF *with* SUNRAY EIGHT

The Zombies

It's about time that something was said and done about the zombie fiasco. Thousands of ex-service personnel have had their faith in Canada thoroughly shaken by the disgusting exhibition which was recently culminated by the "pardoning" of all zombies who deserted when finally ordered overseas. To me this final in-

sulting act was as cutting as the time a zombie told me I was a sucker when I was at basic training centre.

Never before in our history have we so much needed a strong nation. And yet we quite frequently hear: "Well, if another war comes, I'm going to stay home and be a zombie." This statement is no joke either—there are lots of us who mean it.

The general attitude today is to

forget the whole thing as a bad dream. But the root of the trouble is still existent. And the root strikes at the heart of a democratic Canada.

Unfortunately, due to the Defence of Canada Regulations, censorship, and the country's weak-kneed newspapers, the real story of zombie-ism has yet to be told. Fortunately, Airforce and Navy men were not directly exposed to the fatal effects of the country's national dishonor.

Vote-catching is admittedly practiced, but when the vote-catching device of a volunteer army was conceived it resulted in men losing their lives. And that is going too far—even for politicians.

Let's look at the facts. The first fatal blunder was made when some person or persons thought Canada could maintain a volunteer five division army overseas. After finally enlisting enough volunteers we saw five divisions begin training. Reinforcement units were set up to train the necessary replacements. Everything went fairly smoothly until the shooting started. (Apart from the occasional zombie riot or near-riot in Canadian training camps.) And then it was discovered there were insufficient volunteer infantry reinforcements.

At this time there were in Canada thousands of well trained, husky Canadians who would have made perfect infantry reinforcements. But the officer commanding zombies, William Lyon Mackenzie King, still refused to send them overseas. They continued to repose in comfortable barracks, ate first-class food, were given light punishments, even allowed to become officers if they had the necessary educational requirements.

So the ridiculous spectacle occurred of gunners, drivers, cooks, and tank men being taken from their reinforcement centres, quickly given infantry training of a sort, and sent to the front lines. Through no fault of their own these men were not good infants. They deserve a great deal of credit, however, for their courage and bravery when they came under fire in surroundings entirely unfamiliar.

In modern warfare incessant watchfulness is essential. Infantry units are so organized to provide enough men that some may rest while others watch. And yet attack after attack

(Continued on Page 32)

What Saskatchewan is Doing

TO HELP THE

VETERAN

LAND SETTLEMENT

1. Since February 20, 1946, nearly 800 veterans have been placed on provincial crown lands by the Saskatchewan Government, in co-operation with the Dominion Veterans' Land Act.
2. 1,100 farm units, most of them economic farm units, have been set aside for veterans.
3. 15 veterans have been given government assistance and guidance in inaugurating a co-operative farm at the Matador Ranch.
4. 60,000 acres of crown lands are being cleared in the Carrot River Valley for settlement by ex-servicemen.
1. 132 suites have been provided for returned men, and their families, at Saskatoon, for those attending University of Saskatchewan and vocational training students.
2. A number of similar suites have been provided for students attending Regina College, Regina.
3. Other housing ventures, at Prince Albert, Moose Jaw, Weyburn, North Battleford, Swift Current, Humboldt and Regina Beach, have also provided additional accommodation for veterans.

EMPLOYMENT

1. Job surveys conducted by department men experienced in this work have helped many veterans fit themselves into civilian life again.
2. Local Rehabilitation Committees have also made a notable contribution in assisting the veteran.

The DEPARTMENT of RECONSTRUCTION and REHABILITATION

HON. J. H. STURDY
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CAN YOU BLAME HIM FOR LOOKING WORRIED?

PROTAGONISTS OF THE MOST FAMOUS FEUD IN HISTORY:

While the world watched and held its breath these two legendary commanders of opposing armies dueled across the burning sands of the desert. **THE STAKE?** The **FREEDOM OF THE WORLD!** The **CONTESTANTS:** Germany's **ROMMEL**, the Desert Fox, and Britain's so far unproved **WHITE HOPE**, **MONTGOMERY**. Said Rommel, "The Englishman is a push-over." Said Montgomery, "If I could talk to Rommel for 10 minutes I could beat him." But, alas, Montgomery never did get the opportunity to talk to Rommel . . . Rommel was too busy running away from Montgomery. (Photo by courtesy of Bing Crosby.)



"Roll Call" will provide a meeting place for Saskatchewan veterans. In its pages they, and the public, will find a common ground for discussing ideas, issues of the day, and the place of the veteran in the postwar world.

We, with much pleasure, wish "Roll Call" a long, happy and successful life. In each issue we shall take space to comment on local, provincial and Dominion matters which are of interest to all of us, veteran and non-veteran alike.

THE SASKATCHEWAN BREWERS ASSOCIATION

The Sting of Death

(Continued from Page 3)

watch for the cloud that flashed across the crystal of his eyes from time to time and to speculate idly on the simultaneous but scarcely noticeable break in his train of thought. As a cavalry-man he was entirely competent and got along well in his troop, but sought little companionship among his fellows there.

About a month after enlistment, he was detailed to police duty in the sand-hills surrounding the vast camp and I went on mounted duty at G.H.Q. While we both slept in the squadron lines, about three weeks elapsed before I spoke to him again. This time the meeting took place in his tent at 1.30 in the morning and was disturbingly different.

I was returning from an unauthorized nocturnal visit to the civilian camp just south of G.H.Q. buildings and having reached our lines, was quietly making my way along the sentry path, when the stillness was suddenly broken by a wild scream from the tent immediately at my left hand. It was a matter of seconds to throw back the flap, enter and flash my light on.

The tent was Brink's and there, in the blinding beam, was his terrified face, eyes fixed on something I could not see, his features convulsed with the agony of his screams. I shook his shoulder and asked, "What's wrong, Bill?" Again I shook him and suddenly he relaxed and looked at me, his eyes still black with fear, or the memory of it. Again, "What's wrong, Bill?" It was then that he slumped to the pillow and muttering something unintelligible, pulled the blankets over his head. When a further question brought no answer I went to my own tent to make the most of what was left of the night.

In the morning, quite by chance, I met him as he belatedly made his way to the mess-hall. His face was troubled and he hurried by.

Our paths did not cross again for some little time, when the long-rumored selection of an overseas draft became a reality and we were both returned to duty with the squadron. Bill was keen to go but fearful that his short service would not merit a place among the fifty to be chosen. However, his competence was recognized and a few nights



WICKENS ELECTED

At the Dominion conference of the Army, Navy and Airforce in Canada Incorporated, held in the MacDonald Hotel, Edmonton, A. J. Wickens, K.C., of Moose Jaw, was unanimously elected Dominion President.

Mr. Wickens is at present president of Unit 222, Moose Jaw Provincial and Dominion president. It is his intention to give up one of these positions in the near future. Mr. Wickens has for years been interested in veterans affairs and in sporting activities of all kinds. He has been a booster for community effort and for any activity which will help put Saskatchewan on the map. It is with great delight that Saskatchewan veterans hail his election and with a livewire like Comrade Wickens at the helm, the Association should go places in the near future.

later we left for Halifax and overseas.

After a crossing that was anything but conducive to the ordinary everyday amenities, we found ourselves in the cavalry barracks at Shorncliffe, about one and one-half miles inland from Folkestone. A case of diphtheria had developed enroute from Liverpool and a tiresome period of close quarantine followed. During this time I saw a good deal of Bill and had many chats with him. He looked well, went about his affairs in his usual competent manner, but expressed no pleasure at once more being on his home soil and, contrary to expectations, did not mention the normal anticipation of meeting his family and old friends.

In due time the quarantine was lifted, training resumed and, best of

all, the men of the draft began to go on the usual seven day leave. When Bill returned I naturally asked him about his trip and fully expected to hear of a true homecoming—family, friends and that sort of thing. His replies were confined to comments on the current shows, the general unpleasantness of London in the winter time and a few references to the unusual comforts of a certain flat in Maida Vale. It was clear that he had not gone home and he seemed relieved when the subject was changed.

(Continued in Next Issue)

Reefin' Off With Sunray Eight

(Continued from Page 30)

went in, both in Italy and Northwest Europe, with infantry companies under strength. I can find a great many men in Saskatchewan today who will testify to this statement.

When reinforcements did arrive they were remustered personnel. When you had to do the work of two men, when you had to do the best you could with green, too quickly trained replacements, and when you were worried about the new man's lack of weapon training, you became exhausted. And when you became exhausted you got killed.

Hence men were killed unnecessarily while the zombies lounged around Canada laughing up their sleeves. Finally, when the situation became desperate to the point of losing battles they were ordered overseas. Those who deserted at this time have now been told they are free to come out of hiding.

The unfortunate part about this is that the average Canadian citizen was informed there were ample reinforcements available. In the early stages there were, too. But they were not **infantry** reinforcements and they were what was required. The Canadian public has not yet been told this. Why?

Unless we demand an accounting for this devilish piece of politics which killed our fellow citizens the racket will be worked again. Apparently none of our senior war leaders intend to mention it. Therefore the citizen-veteran must.

Are we going to allow the deaths of so many young Canadians to go unavenged?

Or are we suckers after all?

THE PHYSICALLY DISABLED VETERAN—

A straightforward approach to his employment —

HERE ARE THE FACTS:

The job efficiency and working habits of the physically disabled are well illustrated by a survey of 100 firms employing substantial numbers of disabled. Of the 100 firms, 55 found absenteeism lower for the physically disabled, 40 found it the same as with the so-called able bodied, and only 5 found it higher for the physically disabled. Labour turnover was lower for the physically disabled in 83 cases, the same in 16 and higher for the disabled in only 1 case. The accident rate was lower for the physically disabled in 57 cases, the same in both groups in 41 cases and higher among physically disabled in only 2 cases. Productivity among the disabled was lower in 10 cases only. In 66 cases this was considered the same, and in 24 cases productivity was higher among the disabled.

IN CANADA today approximately 25,000 veterans have some type of physical disability as an aftermath of war. The vast majority of them who are ready for employment are being absorbed into the country's economy, and are providing proof that a physical disability need not be a job handicap. There are, among those employed, full-time farmers, log scalers, telephone linemen, clerks, accountants, watch makers. There is scarcely a field in which physically disabled veterans are not successful.

The answer to successful employment of the physically disabled is in a normal approach. They are normal people. There are many things they can do. There are few of which they are not capable. They should be employed, as are the so-called able bodied, on the basis of what they can do. If, for instance, a job does not require the use of legs, then that job can be done efficiently by a double leg amputee.

As with the so-called able bodied, factors other than physical are important. These are things such as knowledge, personal suitability and aptitude. The physically disabled should be employed, as in the case of others, with these things in mind. They do not want employment on the basis of charity, or because it is felt the country owes them a living.

Before the physically disabled veteran enters the employment stream, through treatment his disability has been reduced to the minimum. Where required, he has been supplied with appliances to replace, insofar as possible, the lost physical capacities. Many have received specialized training in occupations in which their disability is not a handicap.

Available to the veteran and to industry are the services of men specially trained in the employment of the physically disabled. In the Department of Veterans Affairs these men are known as Casualty Rehabilitation Officers. The Department of Labour makes assistance available through the Special Placement Section of the National Employment Service.

If you wish assistance in the employment of the physically disabled, discuss it with these officers. They are at your service to assist in analyzing job requirements and assessing the capacity of the veteran.

*It's what a man CAN DO
that counts —*

Issued under the authority of
HON. IAN A. MACKENZIE · MINISTER OF VETERANS AFFAIRS

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